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The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

December 26, 1925

The Measure of Jesus

HIS life is the perpetual rebuke of all time since. It condemns ancient civilization, it condemns modern civilization. Wise men we have since had, and good men; but this Galilean youth strode before the world whole thousands of years, so much of divinity was in him. His words solve the questions of this present age. In him the Godlike and the human met and embraced, and a divine life was born. Measure him by the world's greatest sons—how poor they are! Try him by the best of men—how little and low they appear! Exalt him as much as we may, we shall yet perhaps come short of the mark. But still was he not our brother; the son of man, as we are; the son of God, like ourselves? His excellence—was it not human excellence? His wisdom, love, piety—sweet and celestial as they were—are they not what we also may attain? In him, as in a mirror, we may see the image of God, and go on from glory to glory, till we are changed into the same image, led by the spirit that enlightens the humble. Viewed in this way, how beautiful is the life of Jesus! Heaven has come down to earth, or, rather, earth has become heaven. The Son of God, come of age, has taken possession of his birthright. The brightest revelation is this of what is possible for all men, if not now, at least hereafter.

Theodore Parker.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

TRUSTEES OF THE PUBLISHING HOUSE

AS we go to press the Trustees of the Universalist Publishing House are in session at Universalist Headquarters, grappling with the question of a new, a better, a more influential church paper.

We can not give details this week, but underlying the action proposed are these principles:

A church paper is a necessity. The greater its circulation the wider its influence. To get wider circulation we must make the paper itself the most interesting and useful possible, and we must aggressively introduce it everywhere.

It is with these questions of introduction that the Board is dealing.

At Headquarters two partners are working together, the editor and the manager. The editor has to make the paper. The manager has to finance it and circulate it.

With these partners there are the staffs, editorial and business.

Back of them all are the trustees and the directors.

And back of the organization thus outlined there are the subscribers and there is the Universalist Church.

The Universalist General Convention has gone on record about the kind of paper we have and about the necessity of an aggressive campaign for increased circulation.

The trustees will have completed details by the time this in in print, and next week we shall tell you what they have decided.

* *

DELAYING THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

THE American Foundation has made a survey of the daily newspapers of the United States and finds that eighty per cent of them favor adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice. Twelve per cent only are opposed to the Court and eight per cent have taken no stand.

The strength of the opposition lies in the chain of Hearst papers. These now cover the country and are leaving no stone unturned to prevent action by the Senate. The *Washington Post*, owned by Edward B. McLean, is listed among those opposed to the Court.

There are enough votes in the United States Senate in favor of our adhering to the Court to enable the measure to pass.

Every poll shows that the people of the country by a vast majority favor the action.

The little group of Senators who propose to stave off a vote may have to reckon with an aroused public.

To have a few men thus delay the will of the people does not make us appear well before the rest of the world.

We have made too many boasts about being a self-governing nation.

* *

THE SIMPLE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION

WE do not find it strange that the fundamentalists fight with such intensity of conviction for the doctrine that God incarnated Himself exclusively in Jesus. To them the alternative is that He never incarnated Himself at all, and even that there is no God.

The difference between a universe back of which there is Infinite wisdom and love and a universe which has come by chance is immeasurable.

If we had to choose between the theory that the Divine Being once and once only dwelt on earth in human form and the theory that He never dwelt here at all, we should take the first theory.

We do not have to make that choice. "Of the universal mind," said Emerson, "each individual man is one more incarnation." We do not have to exclude Jesus because we accept Paul. We do not have to exclude Paul because we take also Apollos and Cephas. We do not have to rob Jesus of a primacy we honestly can give him because we hold that the Divine Being is perpetually clothing Himself with flesh and dwelling among us.

Nor do we have to reject what we hold as an essential truth because of beautiful legends.

In the Hindu religion, the god Vishnu is represented as having undergone certain descents, incorporations or incarnations, sometimes in the form of man and sometimes in the form of lower animals.

In the Christian religion as handed down to us likewise there are things plainly legendary.

Legends themselves attest the stature reached

or the influence exerted by heroic characters of the past.

Both what is historic and what scholars now consider legendary testify to the greatness of Jesus.

The word of God we believe was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Through the divine processes that have been from the beginning and are now the Infinite One came to earth in human form.

He always seeks to come. He waits for us to make ready. He helps us make ready.

The joy of Christmas is that we have the Divine One. The significance of our Christian faith is in the one great essential that He does exist—in nature that He is like the Lord Jesus—and that the same Love and Power that steadied and inspired Jesus are available for us.

* *

BISHOP McCONNELL ON RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM

BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL of Pittsburg spoke on "The Church Paper and Religious Leadership" at the annual dinner of the Wesleyan Association of Boston Dec. 9, as described in another column.

It is a timely utterance. Both editors and those for whom they work get from this address a new conception of the importance of the task.

The wide-spread circulation of this address in pamphlet form would be a service to the entire church.

The glory of religious effort to-day, Bishop McConnell feels, is that it depends on the good-will and co-operation of the members of the group. It uses persuasion only. There is no way of compelling progress. And this puts on those who seek to lead the church along both practical and spiritual lines a heavy responsibility for mastering the arts of persuasion. "The task of the church press," he says, "is to state religious ideas, ideals and programs so as to win the consent of the church to forward steps that must be taken if the truth is to keep alive."

Bishop McConnell spoke of the great change in the attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church toward science. He asserted that the church papers had brought it about. He said that the editor must be an expert in mastering religious ideas and stating them so as to win the assent of men who have only an hour or two a week for the church paper. It is a mistake for ministers or editors to ignore these questions. That attitude is responsible for large numbers of laymen thinking that there is a conflict between science and religion. Among Methodists *Zion's Herald,* he believes, has been one of the most powerful forces in changing the attitude of the denomination toward modern knowledge.

The American people have a reverence for the highly trained specialist. Too often they do not understand his work. The task of the progressive church paper has been to make his discoveries known and appreciated.

The religious journal may well consider as a part of its task the seizing and publishing the best that is stirring in the minds of its own constituency, but it is in its prophetic office that it is able to render its largest service. "By prophetic," said the Bishop, "I mean the exaltation of Christian ideals as over against the actual facts of particular times."

What Bishop McConnell says about the possibilities of Christian service through a weekly journal sounds like a clarion call to every editor, to every business manager, to every board.

The man who at first is inclined to ask who can make himself equal to such a task, on reflection sees that many men together can do what one by himself can never do. The task is co-operative. We congratulate *Zion's Herald* on having secured the backing of a group of men like the Wesleyan Association.

* *

A ROSE GARDEN IN A PRISON

THE noun Sing Sing is almost synonymous with the noun prison. The village near by freed itself from the association by changing its name to Ossining. Travelers by the New York Central looking for it caught a glimpse of grim walls, lookout towers, sentinels with guns, just as their train dashed into the darkness of the tunnel. Publicity in the newspapers dealt largely with the death house and the dreadful hours of the early morning before an execution. Visitors to the prison had to walk along dusty roads over broken stones and by unsightly dirt paths that inmates trod for weary years.

Now the New York Prison Commission boasts of a transformation. Near the death house is a green-house filled with potted plants. Concrete paths and gravel roads bordered by grass and flowers have been built. And a rose garden has been put in the center of the quadrangle. "Thousands of roses," says a press dispatch, "bloom around a concrete fountain in the pool of which are lilies and gold fish."

"The construction and environment of the old prison tended to make the inmates more sordid and depraved. The new Sing Sing is designed to make its inmates better, to minister to the good that is in them and develop them spiritually and physically."

The change has come about largely through the influence of a prisoner, Charles E. Chapin, former city editor of the *New York Evening World,* who is serving a sentence for the killing of his wife.

There is a story back of this simple announcement worth telling, if we only had it. There are reflections on the new penology so full of hope, if we could but indulge them.

But what stands out here so that any man can see it is that here again a man has beautified his house of bondage and doing it has served his race.

* *

NEW ATTITUDE TOWARD JESUS

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE of New York preached a Christmas sermon Dec. 20, and made a powerful argument for the historicity of Jesus.

His discussion of "A Jew's View of Jesus" revolved about the new book, "Jesus of Nazareth," written by Dr. Joseph Klausner of the Hebrew University in Palestine.

He thanked God that such a book could be written, published and read.

"It marks the first chapter in a new literature," he said. "Such a book could never have been written a few years ago. You all know what would have happened to the Jew who would have dared to express his opinion—based on facts—of Jesus a score of years ago. Thank God the time has come when men are allowed to be frank, sincere and truthful in their beliefs.

"This book, overlooked by the press and handled wretchedly by reviewers, who have missed the point completely, is the greatest book of its kind ever published."

"Because Christendom," said Dr. Wise, "has renounced Jesus in fact, shall we continue to deny him now that we, his brother Jews, are free to face his life and teaching anew?"

* *

THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BASIS

SOME of the secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. unofficially are expressing disappointment with the revised basis of membership adopted at the forty-second Triennial Convention in Washington. We can not agree that "no progress was made," as some of the members assert.

Nor, on the other hand, can we believe that the committee "brought in a report that disposed for all time of a vexed question." As Dr. Howard B. Grose describes the change made it is as follows:

"The one change made in the basis is the introduction of an alternative requirement. Hitherto membership in an Evangelical church has been requisite to voting or active association membership. Under the new basis, voting membership in associations in the United States and Canada shall be open to any male at least sixteen who complies with the local requirements as to fees, etc., and (1) is a member of an Evangelical church; or (2) who subscribes in writing to the following:

> "I hereby declare my faith in God, and my acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. I desire to serve him and to be his disciple in accordance with the teachings of the New Testament, and to unite with others in the extension of the Kingdom of God, and I am in full accord with the following purpose of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and of Canada, and commit myself to its voluntary service and support: To lead young men to faith in God through Jesus Christ; to promote their growth into fulness of Christian character; to lead them into active membership in the church of their choice; and to make the extension of the Kingdom of God throughout the world the governing purpose of their lives.

"Student associations have for three years had a special statement, which is not interfered with. To avoid misinterpretation of the action, it should be clearly understood that no association is required to change its present status. No local association need adopt the alternative, which is not mandatory, only permissive."

To get away from insistence upon membership in a so-called Evangelical church is an advance.

To accomplish the result, however, the committee had to tell the Convention that they were conservatives and hoped to have the new basis for membership adopted by local associations without displacing the old church membership test. In other words, to join the Y. M. C. A. perfunctory church membership was not enough. A new and vital statement of faith and purpose had to be made. Inasmuch as the committee put it in such a light, it went through with a rush. If they had said, "As things are now Universalists and Unitarians are excluded from most associations and we want to take them in," the resolution might have had harder sledding.

As a matter of fact, Unitarians and Universalists do join the associations that have been permitted to keep the old London basis of membership, and some of the others as well. They vote and sit on boards. In some places responsible liberals have been the active heads of the Y. M. C. A. for years. Probably their co-operation will increase. It would be a pity to have our people lukewarm or indifferent, for the Y. M. C. A. as a whole stands for the things of essential Christianity in which we believe, and does a work which wins our hearty respect.

* *

THE CHALLENGE OF A TRAGEDY

STUART CHASE in "The Tragedy of Waste" tells us that one half of all the man-power in the United States is wasted. That is why half a century of advance in the industrial arts has not brought prosperity to the average man and woman. That is why poverty lurks just around the corner. We are literally throwing away the opportunity to construct a firm foundation of material prosperity on which a higher civilization might be built. That is the "tragedy of waste."

It's a shame, of course, we say, but there's nothing you and I can do about it. But there is. We can back the poor old conservation movement which has fallen on sorry days. We can support Herbert Hoover in his effort to make American business efficient. We can aid movements to eliminate seasonal and cyclical unemployment. There's a lot we can do.

In our own lives we can help to eliminate waste. We can refuse to "keep up with the Joneses," when doing so means throwing away serviceable clothes or wearing showy, shoddy things. We can make a little personal survey and see if our job is a really useful one.

We can get the business men to see that when they talk about service they should mean what they say. Service means eliminating such advertising as seeks to create a demand for a useless product. It means making and selling felt hats even if they do wear too long. It means cutting out a hundred and one practises that are current to-day because they are profitable. A good many men take the motto, "He profits most who serves best," as indicating that big profits are evidence of great service.

We wish a lot of people would read "The Tragedy of Waste" and get all worked up over it. We wish ministers would preach about it, underscoring Mr. Chase's assertion that the profit motive is at the bottom of most of our waste. We wish editors would write editorials about it—and we have.

G. H.

Cruising Close By

VIII Bishop McConnell on Religious Journalism

Johannes

ZION'S HERALD, the independent Methodist journal of New England, was founded in 1823. It is owned by a private corporation called the Wesleyan Association, and is therefore entirely removed from the swirling currents of denominational politics. When the Methodist General Conference last year put through its project for uniting all the Methodist weeklies under one editor-in-chief, *Zion's Herald* remained independent. Probably this independence accounts in part for the fact that its circulation now is spreading out over the country. In this day and age of the world an increasing number of people prefer to have the religious weeklies kept out of the denominational machine.

Another factor in the new success which is coming to the paper unquestionably is the editor, Dr. Lewis Oliver Hartman, who took hold in 1920.

Dr. Hartman was born in Indiana, will be fifty years old on his next birthday, is a Methodist minister, and before coming to the paper had experience as a pastor, as a State Superintendent of Religious Education, and State Superintendent of the Department of Foreign Work. In 1917 he published "Popular Aspects of Oriental Religions," of which he had made careful study in journeys to the Far East.

Since he became editor he has traveled extensively in Europe, and gained considerable reputation by fearless reports on Russia made soon after the war, when any man who failed to report that all the yarns about the Bolsheviki were true was called a Bolshevik himself.

Of all the degrees in the academic world, he has the one that means the most, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy given for hard, serious study.

Hartman is a live, fearless, well-equipped, independent editor, greatly beloved by those who know him personally, admired and supported by the great body of his subscribers, and cordially detested by the people whose toes he has stepped on.

In our editorial group, we like him immensely. He has a delicious sense of humor, can laugh at himself as well as at the other fellow, keeps sweet under the slings and arrows of editorial fortune, and drives through an astonishing amount of high grade work.

All this is an introduction to a chapter on the annual dinner of the Wesleyan Association, the body which hires Hartman and fights for his editorial freedom whether they agree with all his editorials or not.

Over a hundred men, members and friends of the Association, assembled at the Hotel Vendome Wednesday, Dec. 9. They were a husky, hearty looking lot, young or middle-aged, with half a dozen gray heads scattered among them. All the visiting editors were placed at the guest table.

A Veteran Ninety-Three Years Old

I sat next a straight, well preserved, interesting old gentleman of sixty or sixty-five as I supposed, who had come in from Salem for the dinner. Not until another gray-haired gentleman came up and addressed him as father did I make inquiry, when I found he was in his ninety-third year. Seldom have I been placed at dinner by such a picturesque, virile old veteran. When he found that I was really interested he talked freely. His name is Matthew Robson, and he is one of the directors of the Wesleyan Association. I heard afterward that when he retired from the leather business he sold out for a million and a quarter. What is even more interesting is that when he landed in Salem from Ireland by way of St. John's, a raw Scotch-Irish immigrant, he had twenty-five cents in his pocket. Of that far-away home in the north of Ireland, of the neighbor who came by with the news that one of the boys could go back to America with him, of how he was the one chosen, of how the mother went to town, bought cloth and made clothes to get him ready, of how he started in at St. John's as a caulker's assistant and took part of his lunch hour to learn the use of the tools, of how cholera then scared off many timid workmen, how ships had to be rushed for the Crimean War, and how he was put to work as a caulker, of the romance of hides and leather—and romantic it is as I never imagined before—all this did I get this noble old man to tell me while we ate the delicious dinner together. Dieffenbach was on the other side and got part of it, but he was busy with a neighbor of his own.

Beginnings of the Wesleyan Association

There was another romantic story which came out. The Wesleyan Association itself is one of the strongest bodies in the country in the business of publishing a religious weekly. They sold out their property on Bromfield Street in 1912 and built on one of the best sites on Copley Square. They are worth to-day over half a million dollars.

They are situated so well because devoted young Methodists away back in the beginning so loved their church and their church paper that they went in debt to buy the old Bromfield Hotel property and put up the structure which later enriched them.

The Speaking

The president of the Association, Mr. Wm. T. Rich, introduced the Rev. James E. Coons, D. D., president of the District Superintendents' Association. He characterized Dr. Hartman as sincere, courageous and intelligent. He said, "God Almighty never turned a corner with a host led by an ignoramus."

He had three words of advice: "1. Remember the common people when you get out the paper. Remember the shoemaker at Brockton or Lynn. Remember the potato raiser down in the Aroostook. Remember the clerk and the mechanic in Boston. 2. Hold fast to experience. Remember the saying that we go to college mainly to study the books and lives of men who never have been to college. 3. Make the paper a little more evangelistic. Back up the

work of the men who are trying to build up the church."

Dr. Hartman made his address with charts. They showed the percentage of subscribers to *Zion's Herald* in every district of New England. The ratio of subscribers to all Methodists is 1 to 16.66. In Boston the ratio is 1 to 11.6 members. In Vermont the ratio is 1 to 20.6, and in Augusta, Maine, 1 to 7.8 members. The moral was to get busy at a circulation drive and make every area equal to the best areas.

Bishop McConnell made the main address. It is so luminous and convincing, so applicable to all religious journals and to all churches, that we quote from it at length:

The Church Paper and Christian Leadership

There is absolutely no way of compelling religious progress. No matter how autocratically organized a denomination may be so far as the control of its ministers is concerned, there is no reaching the laity at the present time except by the persuasion that wins their free consent. After we have made all possible allowance for the laymen who attend church out of habit, or out of what little expectation they may have that somehow church attendance will aid their secular advance, we must face the perfectly obvious proposition that the vast majority of church attendants come to church out of their own willing desire.

This puts upon all those who are seeking to lead the church ahead, along either the more practical or the more spiritual paths, a heavy responsibility for the mastery of the arts of sincere persuasion. The preacher aims to secure consent and assent and co-operation. The same aim must be that of him who appeals to the church membership through the printed page. It is the task of the church press so to state religious ideas and ideals and programs as to win the consent of the church to the forward steps that must always be taken if the truth is to keep alive.

May I say, first of all, that the leadership of the press in shaping religious opinion must be that of expert mastery of religious ideas, and of skill in so stating those ideas as to make them effective forces in the thinking of the man who has possibly only an hour or two a week for reading a religious journal? We expect of all newspapers that they will give us facts, though we are often grievously disappointed in that expectation. It is the task of the Christian paper to tell the people the facts as to what is going on in the religious world, and so to interpret these facts as to make clear their essential significance.

I have been in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church for nearly thirty-two years. In that period I have seen a notable change of attitude on the part of Methodism toward many phases of scientific teaching and of scientific method. I have seen the church become measurably adjusted to the doctrine of evolution (using the term in its general sense as a method of God's plan in creation), to the scientific study of the Scriptures, to the utilization of psychological principles in spiritual training, to the use of scientific formulas in the Christian solution of social questions. We can sometimes tell how far an army has moved ahead by noticing the distance the rear-guard has advanced. Many things that extremely conservative teachers are openly saying to-day would have seemed rank heresy when I was first received into the Methodist ministry.

Now, one of the most powerful forces in bringing about this change of attitude in our denomination has been the journal in whose interests we are met here tonight. Some of the best popular statements of the religious significance of the evolutionary position that I have ever seen have been in the columns of *Zion's Herald*. So with Biblical criticism, with religious psychology, with the social applications of the gospel truth. I do not mean that the policy of the paper has always been consistent. The late Dr. Charles Parkhurst could not be looked upon as uniformly consistent in conduct of religious debates, but he was a great religious editor, nevertheless, in his willingness to seek out and give free rein to the men who could put before the readers of his paper intelligible statements of the newer phases of truth. I have heard him say repeatedly that he sought for men whose statements would clear the air. Sometimes the clearing of the air involved the crashings of a series of thunder-storms, and back of the thunder-storms there was usually the flash of actual lightning.

I do not think it would be easy to over-estimate the importance of the popularization of religious truth in religious journals. The American people have a regard amounting almost to reverence for the highly trained specialist. It has been said that one test of a democracy is the degree of its willingness to abide by the authority of the expert. The American public certainly has respect for experts—but there is danger of overdoing this respect. Almost any man of fair intellectual ability can, by circumscribing his sphere of study, become proficient in that sphere. This specialized ability, however, does not seem to me to be of any loftier order than that required by him who is to assemble the results of research, adjust these findings into some sort of consistency with one another, and then put them into language which the ordinary reader, after at least moderate mental effort, can comprehend.

Twenty-five years ago we used to speak, almost with a sneer, of "popularizers" of science or philosophy or theology. We can so use the word "popularizer" as to make it anything but a term of reproach. No finer service can be rendered the public than so to marshal the discoveries of experts as to bring them within reach of the common thinking of the time. It required at least two hundred and fifty years for the Copernican theory to become part of the intellectual furnishings of the ordinary man—and that because there were no students who felt called upon to popularize the theory. Of course, popularization would have been difficult without cheap printing, but the scholarly ideal did not call for popularization. It is a matter for congratulation that at the present day men of high scholastic attainment are devoting themselves to phrasings of the profounder truths in which intelligibility by the ordinary mind is one of the chief aims.

Our country just now is passing through a flurry over the so-called fundamentalist-modernist debate. Part of the difficulty is due to the fact that there has been until recently so little of this attempt to make clear to the laymen the exact situation in the field of scholarly religious study. When I was a youngster I was rebuked by an older minister for attempting to explain to my congregation some of the modern methods used in interpretation of the Scripture. "Simply state results," said my friend. "These things do not concern the layman. In a true sense they are none of his affair." Now, my friend did not mean to disparage the intelligence of the Methodists. He meant simply that the laymen are too busy to trouble themselves about themes to which the student might well give himself in the quiet of his library. What, however, has been the outcome of advice such as this—given, no doubt, to scores of young ministers? Manifestly, that large numbers of laymen have come to think that there is an irreconcilable conflict between scientific knowledge and Christian belief.

A second function of the religious pres is that which we have in the back of our minds when we say that a paper is the organ of such-and-such a constituency. In the secular realm to-day newspapers are all too often merely the mouthpieces of financial powers. In such case the newspaper may be an organ in an altogether unworthy way—giving forth just the sound that the controllers of the paper conceive to be best for their selfish material interests. There is a sense, however, in which a paper ought to strive to be the organ of a constituency. It should consider itself as commissioned to seize and publish the best that is stirring in the thought of that constituency.

There is a vast deal of inarticulate wisdom abroad in any democracy which does not always find expression. Direct democratic utterance, such as that which can be expressed in a vote,

ordinarily has to be expressed in one of two monosyllables. The people can say directly only yes or no. Another type of utterance, however, may be just as truly democratic—the utterance, namely, of a leader who senses what is moving in the soul of a group, and gives that thought an expression which reinforces in the minds of many followers the sentiment of those followers themselves, by bringing the sentiment of the inarticulate into the articulate. In the old days of Horace Greeley and Samuel Bowles and E. L. Godkin, many a newspaper reader would frankly say that he did not know his own thought on a given question until he had read the *New York Tribune* or the *Springfield Republican* or the *Nation*. This did not imply that the reader necessarily took his convictions from the editor. It did mean that the editor inevitably expressed on theme after theme the cloudy, unformulated notions of a worthy, though limited, group.

Editorship of this kind is not to be dismissed by quoting the vulgar aphorism "Give the people what they want, or what they think they want." Journalism that follows this cynical advice runs straight to demagogism. Suppose, however, we make the advice read that we are to give the people what their better religious interests crave. There can hardly be any criticism of the attempt to meet such needs.

In every issue of every religious paper there ought to be distinct and definite attempt to so phrase some aspect of religious truth that the phrasings will voice more than the opinion of the writer alone. If an individual is entitled to utter his thought not merely for the sake of communicating his ideas to some one else, but also for the sake of the self-realization, or the self-gratification, which comes from such expression, so also groups are entitled to some such self-realization. Oftentimes we remind ourselves after our utterances that what we have said may not be of much value to the man to whom we have spoken, but the "saying it" has been of immense relief to ourselves.

I am going to qualify all this in a moment by pointing out the duty of the religious journalist to say many things which do not bring comfort to his readers, but I do wish to make it clear that the religious press is not discharging its full obligation until it gives a good degree of attention to the development of its constituency by uttering for that constituency truth which as profoundly gratifies the religious craving as good gratifies the religious craving. Any religious utterance must aim at supplying religious food. The proof of the pudding has been, from immemorial times, in the eating thereof. The cook may be the best judge as to how to prepare food from the point of view of certain professional standards, but the cook is not the final authority on how the pudding tastes. The reader of a religious journal is the authority as to how the spiritual food tastes.

I now turn to what is perhaps the most important consideration which I can bring to you this evening—the need of a degree of the prophetic quality in religious utterance. By "prophetic" I mean the exaltation of the Christian ideals as over against the actual facts of particular times.

Zion's Herald has always been known as fearless in its criticism of ecclesiastical imperfections and shortcomings. A church organized as is ours needs such organs of criticism. Take the episcopacy, for example. The word "Episcopal" stands forth in the title of our church. I do not suppose I need to say that I personally am a firm believer in the Methodist episcopacy —by which I mean episcopacy as a purely administrative instrument for the transaction of ecclesiastical business. I have seen enough of the workings of the appointing power in other branches of Methodism to convince me that on the whole the episcopacy is better than any other Methodist scheme. A stationing committee, for instance, may seem at first glance to be more democratic than a bishop and a cabinet, but some considerable observation makes me feel that the stationing-committee system involves the use of great power without commensurate possibility of the committee's being held to strict account. Now, the episcopacy can and must be held to such account. It is not safe unless it can be subjected to most thorough scrutiny and publicity and correction. The criticism should be such as to make possible progressive modification of the episcopacy by the General Conference, as need for such modification is enforced upon the public opinion of the church.

For another reason we do need this prophetic emphasis. A militant church means a marching church, and marching means going somewhere. Religion must be progressive. To be progressive, it must have room for experimentation in theory and in practise. At this point Methodism at the present hour is in serious peril. We have a huge organization, with the consequent necessity of keeping to the fore the simple and obvious truths that will win at once the widest possible agreement. Outside the reach of an occasional individual church we do not have adequate opportunity for legitimate experimentation. We can not afford to run the risk with our money, so that bishops, superintendents, and for the most part pastors feel that they must play safe and must give themselves only to the enterprises which can show early and substantial return. The result is that before many critical opportunities we are standing still. Religious education of the more scientific stamp is not getting the chance it should because the older methods seem tried and true. The plight on the foreign mission field is little short of deplorable. There is not money enough to do anything more than stick closely within conventional limits. The requirements of profits for the retired preachers' fund must necessarily always be before those who are charged with the issuance of books from the Methodist publishing houses. Considering this limitation, it is amazing to me how far our Concern has gone in leading our people into newer fields of thought and work—especially in religious education. Mention should be made also of the Home Board's pioneering with new methods in new fields, but limits are set to the Board's success by shrinking funds.

With a denomination held thus pretty closely to what the common thought of the church would conceive of as the strict essentials, there must needs be some voice always trumpeting in our ears the urgency of progress through experiment, no matter how disturbing at times that voice may be.

The need of prophetic utterance also appears in the duty of the church to occupy forward positions in the great debates in every generation over the realization of the human values in social contacts. Here the record of *Zion's Herald* has been little short of glorious. We boast about the part which the Methodist Church in the North played in the overthrow of slavery. After some rather careful study I am not able to find that the attitude of the church as a whole was anything to boast of. The most that can be said is that the church after a while came to see that slavery was incompatible with our continuance as the kind of nation we looked upon as called to a high destiny in the providential plan. On the strictly anti-slavery issue the Methodist Church after 1830 moved very slowly indeed.

Now, one of the outstanding bright spots over against the general darkness was Gilbert Haven's leadership of *Zion's Herald*. What a disturbing figure Haven would be if he could be brought back and set to work on our modern social problems! He would meet the same criticism now that he met in his own day. He would move too fast! He would divert us from our proper work! He would be irritating to large givers! He would have round him in spite of himself a "lunatic fringe" of irresponsible wild fellows who always troop after even the proclaimers of the soundest radicalism—and would have to say again that a reformer can not choose his own company. The progressive has to associate with the hot-headed, the rattle-headed, and the sore-headed. He can not help this any more than his conservative brother can help associating with the bone-headed.

A measurably independent journal has an opportunity that the more official type of organ does not have to do in some degree what Haven did. I do not mean by this to disparage official journals. When we think of all the factors an official editor has to keep his eye upon, we may well congratulate ourselves on the progressiveness of our official journals, taken as a whole.

When all is said, however, the independent journal is re-

lieved from bother about some considerations of which the official paper must not lose sight. I used to say that I never had heard the effect of church policies on the contributions of rich givers discussed in official Methodist circles. I shall have soon to revise that statement. For I am beginning to hear the odious question raised, haltingly, and hesitatingly, but significantly nevertheless. I do not see that *Zion's Herald* need trouble itself much with that question. The paper was founded for the main purpose of getting consideration for the more moral and spiritual issues on their own merits. We need at least one journal which is not expected always to keep in mind the effect of editorials on collections.

The worst obstacle to the progress of Christianity the world over is the glaring contradiction between the Christ ideal and the actual social, international, and racial facts in modern so-called Christian communities. America has become immensely powerful in material possessions. The only method that will make and keep America Christian is the fearless preaching of the social, international, and racial responsibilities of power, no matter whether the holders of the power like the preaching or not. It is all very well to talk about the pure and simple gospel, but if every man on earth were converted to what is called the pure and simple gospel without deliberate intent to carry that gospel out into all his human contacts, we might find ourselves worse off. If, for example, we were to convert every man on earth, and then leave him with the idea that war is not morally threadbare, his conversion might merely make him a fiercer fighter.

Speaking of war, I think we may well be thankful that the columns of the *Herald* are open to the most thorough-going advocates of peace. I have never thought of myself as pacifist in the absolutist sense, but I profess myself utterly unable to get the point of view of those who become so frantic when the conscientious objector asks for a hearing. I know ministers who have gone on through ten, twenty, thirty years of preaching always speaking of evils in the most qualified and measured terms, who never lose their self-control when denouncing sin, and yet who come nigh unto foaming at those who say they will not fight in war on any account.

One injunction which the Discipline puts on bishops I faithfully carry out—I travel at large throughout the connection. Wherever I go among our ministers I find the seer-like leadership of *Zion's Herald* recognized. Some recognize that leadership by being lifted up; others, by being cast down. Methodism will never cease to need the type of service the *Herald* has always rendered.

The *Herald* has never rendered finer service than to-day in keeping us on the alert against the smugness of organizational conceit. It used to be said of Dr. Parkhurst, even by those who felt that at times he was unnecessarily hasty and abrupt, that he had the best preview of any ecclesiastical editor of his time. I was just beginning my ministry when I heard that remark, and I remember going home and looking in the dictionary to see if there really was any such word as "preview." Inasmuch as I did not find the word in my dictionary, I have defined it for myself as the power to see events beforehand, out of some recognition of the certainty with which Eternal Truth will break out into manifestations of itself in given crises. I think of the present editor of *Zion's Herald* as likewise gifted in this power of moral preview.

After Bishop McConnell had spoken, Bishop William F. Anderson of the Boston area made a brief address in appreciation of the *Herald*, and told the members of the Wesleyan Association how much he craved their larger co-operation not only in the particular work of the Association but also in the problems of Boston University and down-town Methodism. The benediction and the closing prayer were given by Professor W. J. Lowstuter of Boston University School of Theology.

Dr. Hartman's View of the Task

At the annual meeting of the Association in the afternoon Dr. Hartman made a report in which his ideals as an editor clearly appear. Passing over what he has to say about the various departments we find these pregnant words:

What is the present outlook for religious journalism? If one stops for a moment to meditate on the current condition of twentieth-century civilization, he will be led to conclude that the need and importance of this instrument for molding public opinion have hardly been equaled in all the past history of the world. And why? Because, for one thing, in this age men have discovered in a large way for the first time the tremendous power of the newspaper. By means of the printed page, individuals and organizations are able to accomplish in business, education, politics, reforms and a hundred other fields, what in former times they achieved by cumbersome and laborious methods of public speaking, letter-writing, personal contacts, and the direct expenditure of great sums of money. . . . . It is the era of propaganda—good and bad. Unfortunately, however, much of this propaganda is unethical and un-Christian. It is an exploitation of the minds of men and women. Those secular papers that reach the majority of the people, moreover, not only furnish the channels for vast quantities of sinister influences, but also exaggerate news reports and often are guilty of a vicious playing up of crime stories. The one supreme hope in the field of creating a just and righteous public opinion by means of the printed page lies in the Christian newspaper.

But the problems of religious journalism in this twentieth century are by no means simple. All life has become increasingly complex, and ethical judgments are on this account rendered correspondingly difficult. The religious newspaper, also, if it is to keep its Christian character, is under bonds very frequently to place itself counter to the spirit of the time. It dare not drift along in the wake of the fads and fashions that run their ephemeral courses. Such a journal, in addition to the prosecution of its constructive task, must oppose the cheapness and superficiality of life, must denounce demagogism in church and state, must expose all movements that flourish simply through the capitalization of the ignorance of that masses.

In the field of theology, to cite a more specific problem, we are living in an age of pronounced transition. New views and interpretations of the Bible based on a deeper study of the Word and the amazing discoveries of science call for that careful but courageous discussion which often tends to disturb the long-established views and prejudices of many very good people. The whole objective of the Christian movement likewise has broadened in a most astounding way during the last half-century. The summons of Jesus to a purified social order and the Christianization of governments represents the larger task which his followers are compelled to undertake. And this call to collective salvation must be sounded in the religious journal notwithstanding the difficulties that beset such a course. In obedience to the principles just cited, the *Herald* clings firmly to its twofold traditional policy of loyalty to the fundamental teachings of Jesus, and freedom and independence in setting forth the truths of the kingdom and applying them to present-day conditions in both the church and the world.

In the beautiful lobby of the Vendome Gilroy the Congregationalist, Dieffenbach the Unitarian, and I sat down and talked it over.

We agreed that seldom had we seen a dinner better arranged. We agreed that Hartman was a brilliant and fearless editor as well as a friendly, lovable personality. We were filled with admiration for the way in which these hard-headed business men of Greater Boston back up their editor. But, as one put it, "What else would you expect of spiritual descendants of John Wesley?"

Thanksgiving Day in Japan

Clifford R. Stetson

TO-DAY is the Japanese Thanksgiving Day, or one of them, for they go us one better and have two harvest festival observances. One is the day when the Emperor eats the first of the new rice. The other, to-day, is when the people get theirs.

Our church celebrates each year with a *Giu Nabe Kai*, which translated would be as near to a beef stew meeting as anything. Last year it was at Mr. Terasawa's house, but this year we are having it at the church, in the Japanese room. We shall go about five, and sit around on the soft floor-mats until the people all arrive. Then they will bring in little charcoal stoves a foot high, and we will gather in groups of five or six about each one. There will be platters of raw beef cut in tiny chips, onions sliced, cabbage shredded, *O Tohfu* (pressed bean curd), *Kon-Niyaku* (a gelatinous preparation made from the bulbous root of a certain plant) and other vegetables. We put some of all these into the frying pan over the fire, together with some sugar, water and *Shoyu*, or soy sauce, which is very salty. They cook together and we add more of each kind. We fill our little round rice bowls from a big wooden tub of fresh-cooked rice, and then with our chopsticks take out of the pan a few pieces of the meat and vegetables, and place them on top of the rice. Then we eat the rice and stew together, with the chopsticks, of course. I wish you could know just how good it is. We just eat and eat. It is sort of pot luck, you see, for we fill up our bowls again and again from the pan, and the one who eats too slowly gets left.

When we have filled up on this, we eat a *Mikan* (Japanese orange) to hold it down, and then we usually have games and a social time for an hour or two afterwards. It is always a very pleasant occasion, bringing together many from all the different groups of people connected with our work. Last year we had over fifty present. But this year we hardly expect so many since some are kept home by sickness, and others are out of town over the holiday.

Yesterday was an especially happy Sunday. Georgene Bowen was spending the week end with us, and she sang for us at the morning service. I am preaching once each month now, and it happened this was my Sunday. So she heard her first English sermon in Japan. Mr. Terasawa interpreted for me, and he did a good job at it. Next time I am going to try speaking in Japanese. During the winter I am going to use chiefly Old Testament themes, fitting in with Mr. Terasawa's plan of making this an Old Testament year. In his Sunday services, in the Wednesday evening Bible and prayer meetings, and in my English Bible class, we are going to get in some Old Testament work. It has been almost entirely left out of our work over here.

Mr. and Mrs. Terasawa and Keishi and Iyu Chan came home for dinner with us, and we had a good time all together. The two children are both dear. Keishi is as full of the imps as they make them. We snapped a picture of Georgene with those two and our two girls. If it comes out well we'll send one later.

Mr. Terasawa and I discovered that we were not seeing enough of each other to keep up acquaintanceship, so now we get together every Tuesday for a little ministers' meeting all by ourselves. We are doing some Bible reading and talking over church matters, and it is worth while for both of us, I am sure.

Last week, instead of his coming to my house, we both went out into the country to visit a family who were connected with our church, the Shimasakis. Mr. Shimasaki was a teacher in the Shizuoka Middle School last year. He had no use for religion, saying he was getting on very well without it, but his wife was a graduate of a Christian girls' school, and, although not a church member, had been interested in Christianity. Last winter their two children were sick, and Mr. Terasawa went there to call. They became interested, Mrs. Shimasaki began coming to church regularly, Mr. Shimasaki came sometimes, and invited us to meet there for a prayer meeting or two. Mrs. Shimasaki planned to receive baptism at Easter. But just at that time he took a position in a girls' school in Kakegawa, a small town some thirty miles west of here. They were moving and settling, but on Easter morning Mrs. Shimasaki appeared, and was baptized with the other new members. Since then she has come in to church services very often, bringing her two boys, and being away from home almost the whole day.

They have invited us to call often, so last week we went. Mr. Terasawa had written we were coming, and Mr. Shimasaki asked us both to speak to his school girls. Mr. Terasawa gave a very fine talk on "Influence," which seemed to please both teachers and students, although he did not hesitate to bring in Christianity freely, and the schools are as a rule somewhat opposed to that. As for me, I spoke first, and did not try to do anything except put them in a receptive frame of mind. I simply told the story of "The Blind Men and the Elephant" in English, illustrating with appropriate gestures. They had read the story in their English readers, and with the help of their memory and the gestures we did not need any interpreter. And of course it gave them a thrill to hear a speech in English that they could understand without interpretation. Anyway, the principal has asked us to come again, and Mr. Shimasaki has asked us to hold a Christian service in his home.

We are both particularly pleased with the results of this trip, for we have wanted to start that sort of country work. It is what Mr. Nagano has been doing so effectively in the region around Nagoya. There is a big field for just this thing around Shizuoka. Mr. Wilkinson has been doing it for the Canadian Methodist Mission for years, but he has not covered the whole region, by any means. We are hoping to develop more of this kind of work this winter.

Already we are making our Christmas plans, and it begins to feel Christmasy. Because of school examinations our pageant will be given on Christmas

night, instead of the Sunday before. This will interfere with our going to Tokyo for a get-together with the other missionaries, but the Christmas message is the most effective thing we put across in all the year here, so that is more important than our going away. The pageant is more elaborate than the one we gave last year, and we are building out the platform and arranging the setting now so as to have it ready. We wish you all might come over and spend Christmas with us. But we shall know that you all are not far away from us, at that, for on Christmas the world is very small, and friends are always near, and that's what makes us merry.

Shizuoka, Nov. 23, 1925.

The Lady from Massachusetts En Route

A. Gertrude Earle

ON the Saturday following Thanksgiving, the Lady from Massachusetts felt like Wordsworth revisiting Yarrow, or Alfred Tennyson at Locksley Hall fifty years after, for she was once more in the parish where her ministry began. Not that it was fifty years! Heaven forbid! Of course it was not anywhere near that, as any one would know to see those fresh young faces at the Workers' Conference on Saturday afternoon, some of them the same people who were active in the church in the aforesaid ministry. Of course it was really only a few years ago, as the L. F. M. knew when she lay down to rest in the very bed where sleep used to knit up the raveled sleeve of care in those days of inexperience. But when the mercury dropped down far below the zero point and she found herself shivering and hugging the stove, instead of walking from the Upper Village to Libby's Mills, then she was not quite so sure about the few brief years that had passed.

What could be pleasanter than to preach in the dear little church, to look again into familiar faces, loved long since and never for one moment really lost? What more inspiring than to find the boys and girls of the old Y. P. C. U. serving as parish officers and Sunday school teachers, to find the children of those boys and girls filling the classes in the Sunday school? It is a wide-awake and progressive school at Gorham, N. H., and a parish loyal to the faith and to the minister, the Rev. Helene Ulrich.

Sunday evening there was a trip to the neighboring city of Berlin for a preaching service, at which the faithful gathered to be told that the real Universalists never give up and that after every dark hour comes a brighter one.

Then back to Boston to set forth again, this time to Rhode Island, where a series of Conferences had been arranged at which Dr. Huntley and the L. F. M. both gave counsel. The series began at Valley Falls. The L. F. M. had never been there, but her mind was at ease because she was in the company of the President of the General Sunday School Association, who, of course, knows all the highways and byways of our Zion with his eyes shut. But evidently that official had no such confidence in his own knowledge, for he promptly began asking directions. Then he kept on asking, every time an intelligent-looking person appeared on the horizon. But alas! in a multitude of counselors there is sometimes confusion. It did not rain that night and we had a good walk, down through Lonsdale, almost to Berkeley, back again to the "old town" and finally to the Universalist church of Valley Falls and the hearty welcome of the Rev. and Mrs. C. P. Hall. We told what we knew, or part of it, and the friends asked questions and told us of some of their good methods and then cheered us on our way to Providence.

It was an earnest group who gathered at the First Church in Providence the next evening, including teachers and officers of the church school and the trustees of the parish. The discussion was long and serious, for this school not only wished the usual counsel of the general workers, but was debating the question of a full-time worker for religious education. We know that all present were the real stuff, for nothing less than that could have stood the down-pour of that evening. All the next day the rain continued, but a comfortable room at the Plantations Club, some long-delayed studying to be accomplished, with a bit of Christmas crocheting for relaxation, made the hours pass all too swiftly. In the afternoon, we went a-visiting at the Church of the Mediator. We left the car at Peace Street and then discovered that the next street was Plenty Street. Why should not a church be happy and prosperous that stands between Peace and Plenty? The L. F. M. could just hear them singing:

> "For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
> For joy in the land, from the east to the west;
> We thank thee from hearts that are tender and true."

Our genial friend, Mr. Fred Carr, was printing tickets for a coming entertainment, but he could cheerfully stop to show us every part of the finely equipped church and parish house.

The rain still descended that evening when we arrived in Harrisville, and many of the faithful found it impossible to come to the Conference, but those who did come were alive and eager for new helps. We rejoiced in their spirit and the newly decorated church with its beautiful organ. The organist gave us a hint of its fine tone, and if the car to Woonsocket had not come so quickly, we should have been glad to hear a real recital.

Next morning, while the rain still descended, there was a pleasant visit to the new parish house of our Woonsocket church. Surely here is everything to delight the heart of the worker for religious education—separate class rooms, good assembly rooms, closets galore, and many devices for beauty and convenience. Such an equipped school does not need two counselors, so off goes the L. F. M. to Providence again, while the Honorable President remains to pour out his wisdom in a Conference on Saturday evening and a sermon on Sunday morning.

Sunday morning, the L. F. M. preached in the

First Church in Providence. Where could one find more cordial or friendly people! Then came the church school. A junior class gave a graphic dramatization of the Good Samaritan as a part of the service of worship. Then the L. F. M. was invited into a most interesting class of young men and women, taught by Professor Crowell. The class is working on a statement of religious essentials which shall be so simple and clear that it can not be disputed. The theme for the day was "God is a Spirit," and with story and question the visitor led the discussion. Plans for Christmas were in evidence in this school. The Clara Barton Guild is to have full charge this year. Because the church is without a minister just now and a bit unsettled the Guild decided that charity sometimes begins at home, and are giving their energies to their own field this year instead of the far-away one usual in their missionary organization. The devotion of these young girls and the efficiency with which they are handling their plans is a tribute to the training of their leader, Mrs. Mabel E. Blaisdell.

Once more the L. F. M. realizes that this is a very small world, for friends once in the parish at Methuen, Mass., are among those who welcome her at Providence. "Dad" is one of the trustees; "Ma" was on the supper committee Thursday night and seems to be collecting money for most of the organizations. Daughter is secretary of the church school, and son is chairman of a committee on stereopticon talks for the school. It is these friends who take the L. F. M. to the station and start her on her trip to Boston.

The same gray fields and leafless trees of the earlier days, but glorified now by a flood of sunshine, that transforms the dull scene into a world of beauty. Was it some such transformation as this that Keble had in mind when he sang:

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near."

The California Memorial

C. S. Nash*

THE rapprochement between Universalists and Congregationalists has now gone well beyond the California overture to the National Council. That overture has been printed in the *Universalist Leader* and in the *Congregationalist*. Yet a more intimate story of its conception may be of interest to some readers. It began with conferences between Congregationalists and Universalists who were friends. Then there were lunch conferences with representative people. In the course of most cordial conversations our Congregational group determined unanimously to present to the approaching meeting of our Northern California Congregational Conference a resolution overturing our National Council at its Washington meeting to declare in favor of the union of Universalists and Congregationalists, and to appoint a special commission to further the matter in co-operation with a similar commission if appointed by the Universalist Convention at Syracuse. Readers of the *Leader* already know that the Northern California Congregational Conference passed unanimously such an overture to the National Council, and know also that the Council, while not appointing a special commission, referred the matter with unanimous approval to the standing Commission on Interchurch Relations, expressed hope of speedy union with Universalists, and invited the Syracuse Convention to appoint a similar commission for joint negotiation.

There was nothing perfunctory, nothing less than urgent desire, in the California memorial, as also in the Council resolution at Washington. The present writer has never sat in a group that was readier for action on a specific issue than was the group on the Pacific Coast talking with Universalist friends. It may be confidently said that Northern California Congregationalists would warmly welcome union with Universalists. Nor is absorption of one body by the other meant by the Washington resolution or by Congregationalists generally. We have long been superior to that ignoble notion. We mean, as do Universalists, a genuine union of self-respecting bodies, each contributing its best. Our two groups of Christians and churches are now facing each other in mutual respect and desire. No mistake has been made thus far, and the writer agrees with the Universalist brother who says, "The way is open at last."

It appears to be wide open. In polity no adjustments need be made, as there have been no disagreements. In doctrine we have grown together until now we stand side by side on such a platform of faith as the Kansas City Declaration, not a creed to be enforced, but a confession to be rejoiced in. Have we not a clear way ahead? And is it not the Spirit of love and of God who is calling the advance?

One more local step forward has been taken here in California. The Monday Ministers' Club, composed of Congregational ministers around San Francisco Bay, has cordially elected to membership the Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles, pastor of the Universalist church in Oakland, and he has accepted election with equal warmth.

It is an hour of privilege when we may labor freely and hopefully at a major issue of Christian progress. Church union is no minor matter to be taken indifferently. Nor is it always to be treated incidentally and indirectly. In these heavy days of divided forces in the face of desperate evil, Christians should spring to every concrete opening and close every possible breach in the army of God. As the writer has elsewhere said: "Be it urged that church union is a matter too momentous for indifference, thoughtlessness, ignorance or opposition; that it is now thrust forward by the cry of humanity and the Spirit of God in front of most other issues in religious progress; that it is the true Christian part

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to be seeking ways and means to promote it; that every concrete instance should find all minds antecedently hospitable and all feet ready to run; that in every case the burden of proof lies on those who decline; that the proper question is not, Why should we unite? but, Why should we not unite? not, How can we evade this predicament? but, How can we assure this advance?"

Our Prayers Together

Carol T. Restall

RELIGION

Jesus saith, The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

John 4 : 23, 24.

Sunday

The greatest exponent of Spiritual Religion in human history is Jesus of Nazareth. Men have worshiped him but they have never yet, save in exceptional cases, risen to his conception of the meaning of religion and of life.

John Herman Randall.

After this manner therefore, pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

Matthew 6.

Monday

To-day the heart-hunger of our age, though all men are by no means conscious of it, and many others can not explain the meaning of their hunger of the soul, is for a truly spiritual religion. This means a new self-respect, in the steadily deepening consciousness of God who dwells within; a new respect for all men, in the recognition of the Divine Presence in every life; and a new and practical appreciation of universal brotherhood, in the realization of our common kinship in God's great family.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.

Psalm 42 : 1.

Our soul hath waited for Jehovah:
He is our help and our shield.
For our heart shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name,
Let thy loving kindness, O Jehovah, be upon us,
According as we have hoped in thee.

From Psalm 33.

Tuesday

There come times to the individual and the community when the contrasts of life impress us with wonder and awe. Religion offers to bind these tremendous contrasts together in the harmony of good. This is especially the modern mission of religion. For religion bids us face all the facts bravely. It does not ignore the mighty contrast; but it bids us also go over to the side of good, and contemplate the universe from that side alone; it pronounces the whole universe divine, and bids us trust it accordingly. What we call evil and what we call good, the warp of life and its woof, all together go to make the harmony of life.

Charles F. Dole.

O give thanks unto Jehovah, for he is good;
For his loving kindness endureth forever.
Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee;
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.
O give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good;
For his loving kindness endureth forever.

From Psalm 118.

Wednesday

A religion that has any power, in a changing and evolving world, must of necessity constantly readjust itself to its environment. On the other hand, no religion can truly minister to the deepest needs of men, unless it reveals and emphasizes the Realities which are permanent and timeless.

John Herman Randall.

Show me thy ways, O Jehovah;
Teach me thy paths.
Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;
For thou art the God of my salvation;
For thee do I wait all the day,
Remember, O Jehovah, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses:
For they have been ever of old.
Let integrity and uprightness preserve me,
For I wait for thee.

From Psalm 25.

Thursday

Is my own religion good, and how may I know it? Your religion is good if it is vital and active, if it nourishes you in confidence, hope, love, and a sentiment of the infinite value of existence; if it is allied with what is best in you, against what is worst, and holds forever before you the necessity of becoming a new man; if it makes you understand that pain is a deliverer, if it increases your respect for the conscience of others; if it renders forgiveness more easy, fortune less arrogant, duty more dear, the beyond less visionary. If it does these things it is good, little matter its name: however rudimentary it may be, when it fills this office it comes from the true source, it binds you to man and to God.

Charles Wagner.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the highways to Zion.
Passing through the valley of Weeping, they make it a place of springs;
Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.
They go from strength to strength;
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
For Jehovah God is a sun and shield;

Jehovah will give grace and glory;
No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly,
O Jehovah of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

From Psalm 84.

Friday

Standing beside the grave of the Unknown Soldier, President Coolidge said: "We do not need more national development; we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power; we need more spiritual power. We do not need more knowledge; we need more character. We do not need more government; we need more culture. We do not need more law; we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen; we need more of the things that are unseen."

Teach us, O Jehovah, the way of thy statutes;
And we shall keep it unto the end.
Give us understanding, and we shall keep thy law;
Yea, we shall observe it with our whole heart.
Make us to go in the path of thy commandments;
For therein do we delight.
Incline our hearts unto thy testimonies,
And not to covetousness.
Turn away our eyes from beholding vanity,
And quicken us in thy ways.
Behold, we have longed after thy precepts:
Quicken us in thy righteousness.

From Psalm 119.

Saturday

I have been hungering for the services of religion. I have been at the Front almost constantly the past month. I have longed for the comfort and peace of the church. A better statement would be: I have found comfort, and peace, and strength, and courage, in thinking of the things of religion. I have meditated on some of the Psalms in the night watches. I wish I knew them all. And my conclusion is that our God is a very present help. Religion is the one great thing. And the simple statement of religion in our Universalist Church is enough. It is full of comfort. The more simple everything is the better it is. God is creed enough. That means triumph at last for the things of God.

John van Schaick, Jr.

O God, thou art my God: earnestly will I seek thee:
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,
In a dry and weary land, where no water is.
So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary,
To see thy power and thy glory.
Because thy loving kindness is better than life,
My lips shall praise thee.
My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips
When I remember thee upon my bed
Or meditate on thee in the night-watches,
For thou hast been my help,
And under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

From Psalm 63.

Religion, Beauty and Squalor

Daniel Evans

IN Dr. Crapsey's autobiography, recently published, he narrates a significant event which changed his whole life, and was indeed "a conversion." He was traveling in England and visited and worshiped in the Durham Cathedral and there the event took place. He was deeply impressed by the ecclesiastical magnificence on the one side, and the poverty of the people in the cathedral city on the other, and he asked himself the question: "What has all this pride and pomp to do with the religion of Jseus of Nazareth?" He goes on to say:

> "I do not think it is possible for any one to have suffered so complete, and to me so disastrous, a change of view as came over me that afternoon. I looked at all those buildings and listened to that elaborate worship, not from the ecclesiastical, but from the economic angle of vision; it was a complete conversion. Being a poor man myself, and having all my life carried the burdens of the poor, I could not help asking myself, Who pays for all this?"

Doubtless many of us have been impressed in the same way and have asked or been tempted to ask the same question, when we have seen the magnificent cathedrals of Europe, or those in our own country, and thought of the squalor of the people near by. It is difficult for us to see squalor, enjoy beauty, and believe in religion without some questionings. We can sympathize with Dr. Crapsey and yet not agree in his point of view, nor in his conclusion, and seek some other way to banish squalor, while we still enjoy beauty and believe in the religion of Jesus.

Dr. Crapsey looked at all this splendor from "the economic angle of vision." This however is not the proper view of point. One should look upon such splendor from the esthetic angle of vision. It is great art in the service of religion. The question to be asked is not its cost, but its beauty; not its economic value, but its spiritual worth. We must not confuse these things. I once preached in a marvelously beautiful church and I was taken in charge after the service by a highly cultivated woman, who hurried me by a beautiful rug when another woman was telling its cost. One woman had the economic sense highly developed and measured all things by it; the other woman had an esthetic taste and for her things of beauty were not to be estimated from the economic angle. We are reminded also of a famous incident in the Gospels, where the story is told of a very grateful woman who took her alabaster box, and anointed the head of Jesus with its contents, and some disciples, looking on from the economic angle of vision, said: "Why this waste? It might have been sold and the money spent on the poor." They could not take what the Greeks would have called, if they saw the deed, the beautiful-good point of view, which gives a far truer and deeper insight into the meaning and worth of all acts or objects of splendor. Beauty, whether in objects, deeds, or ritual, is its own excuse for being. It is its own justification. It is a mistake to take the economic angle. Jesus did not take such a point of view; nor does the true artist; nor need we.

The beauty of a great cathedral is at once the expression of, and a means of ministration to, the higher and richer life of men and women, even of the

poor. The great cathedrals of Europe are the creative work and religious expression not only of the rich and powerful, the noble and royal persons, but also of the working people. It took much money, it required many years, it requisitioned the best brains of the world, to build these temples of worship to the honor of God and the good of men; but it also required thousands of workmen, the poor men of the time. These cathedrals stand in all their splendor and magnificence as the monuments of the skill and high workmanship and religious devotion of the working people. They put the love of their heart, the beauty of their imagination and the skill of their hands into the making of these cathedrals. They gave God their best. Nothing was too good for His purposes and uses. Their religion found creative expression in these objects of splendor and magnificence.

These cathedrals, in turn, minister to their nobler life. It is true that they do not bake bread, or make shoes, or provide them clothing, but they bring them the satisfaction of other and deeper needs and greater cravings, the sense of wonder, mystery, the spiritual world, the eternal God. There is no substitute for these values in the lives of the common people, and there is no satisfaction so enduring and refining as the satisfaction of these needs through these cathedrals.

No poor man's life is quite the same in cathedral cities as in other cities and towns, where there are only poor and mean houses of worship. Alas! that so many churches are without distinction or splendor; they are not comparable, in many places, to the private dwellings, and in most places, to the business houses, or governmental buildings. The finest, noblest, most magnificent building in any and every village, town and city in all lands should be the temple of worship, the house of God.

The religion that created such expressions of beauty does not require their sale and the conversion of their proceeds to economic uses; nor does it require that we forego the enjoyment of beauty in worship until all the poor are well fed, adequately clothed and properly sheltered. The religion that makes for beauty desires also to conserve it. There is not too much beauty in the world; indeed there is a sore lack of it, and nowhere so great a lack as in our own land. It will not help the poor to have all objects of beauty sold and the proceeds converted to economic purposes. This is not the way out of our difficulty about the poverty of the people. When the friends of the lame man brought him to the Gate Beautiful of the Temple, the apostles did not think of criticizing the economic waste on the Gate and the use to which the money might be put for the poor man, but they used their spiritual power to heal him.

The wonderful beauty of a temple or cathedral shows us what remains to be done by religion in human life itself. Religion has done marvelously well in taking the stone of the quarry and the wood of the forest and the minerals of the earth and making them noble expression of, and inspiring means for, the life of the spirit. The same religion has the greater task of taking our whole human life, in its persons, its conditions, its interests, and its relations, and making out of it and with it the diviner Temple of God. The magnificence and splendor of a cathedral show what religion has done with material means; the whole process of human life, individual and social, historical and racial, is, from the religious point of view, God's creative work in the making of the living temple of His Spirit. This is the greater and the more difficult task; it requires centuries for its building; it calls upon all art-workers in the things of the spirit to do their part; and the noble worship of God is work on this Temple of Humanity; and one of the perennial sources of inspiration for this arduous task is the enjoyment of all objects of beauty.

Union Service in Minneapolis

MISS ETHEL M. HUGHES of the staff of the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, writes as follows under date of December 3:

"Thanksgiving Day was the occasion for one of the most beautiful and impressive services ever held in the Church of the Redeemer. Carrying out the spirit of that great Syracuse Convention, we invited Park Congregational Church to share a special service with us in our auditorium. A little before 10 o'clock the bells in the tower began their call to worship, and when the Boy Scout troops of the two congregations, with the Stars and Stripes at the head of the procession, filed into the auditorium, some eight hundred people had gathered. Hon. George E. Leach, mayor of Minneapolis, brought the city's greetings, and expressed for himself and for the city the great happiness we are all feeling for Dr. Shutter's returning health and strength. He urged upon the congregation a spirit of Thanksgiving which would include not only our own land, but France, England, the Near East, and other stricken lands.

"The Rev. William E. Dudley, pastor of Park Church, spoke on 'The Love That Crowns Our Days,' while Mr. Reamon spoke on 'The Desire for Fellowship.' Both were particularly fine and timely. About twenty-five members of the Apollo Male Chorus, one of the most notable organizations of its kind in the Northwest, of which Mr. Reamon is a member—gave two beautiful numbers, 'The Prayer of Thanksgiving,' and 'The Lost Chord,' and it seemed almost as though we heard that 'chord divine,' which came from the soul of our wonderful new organ, and blessed us all that glad day.

"Although unable to take his accustomed place in the pulpit, Dr. Shutter was present, sitting in his study. A touching incident has come to our attention since the service. As the great audience stood while the colors were carried out by the Scouts, Miss Helen Whitney, for many years the private secretary of the late Dr. Cyrus Northrop, president of the University of Minnesota—a devoted and life-long Universalist—caught a fold of the flag as it passed her, and, as she said, 'breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for Dr.

Shutter's life of devotion to his church and his flag, and the hope that he might soon be restored to his pulpit and the city which loved him so deeply.'

"And as 'the sound of the great Amen . . . trembled away into silence,' it seemed to foretell the day when not only Congregationalists and Universalists, but all Christ's Church, would be united into one perfect peace."

The Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon spoke on "The Desire for Fellowship." The following is a brief abstract of what he said:

> "Till we all attain unto the unity of the faith." Ephesians 4 : 13.
>
> "That they all may be one; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." John 17 : 21.

My friends, these words, falling from the lips of Paul and of Jesus, contain an implication of tremendous importance and value to us. They imply a desire for fellowship and indicate the necessity for unity and fraternity among the followers of Jesus if the Christian enterprise is to prove successful.

The diversity of our views on religion has led us away from paths of peace and denied us the joys of fellowship, and our efforts to maintain, if not to strengthen, the lines of cleavage have very largely consumed the energy which ought to have been used in redeeming a suffering world.

Mind you, I do not say that Christianity has failed—it has really never been tried on a large scale. But I do maintain that denominationalism has failed and that it will continue to fail so long as the emphasis is placed there. It is literally true, as one of our great leaders has said, that *"the world will never believe in Christ until those who love him love one another well enough to live and toil in the spirit of his life and the service of his faith."* Unless Christianity can actually achieve such a fellowship, it is destined to become more and more impotent in the face of the world's sorrows and distractions. And the church, devoid of power and appeal, continuing to live, will come at last to resemble the moon—a dead body shining on.

To-day we rejoice and give thanks for what appear to be unmistakable signs that the desire for fellowship among the followers of Christ is making itself felt. Controversial elements may appear to be dominant. In reality they are little more than the dying struggles of those who cling to the old order. There is a new note in the air—the echo of a profound and deep-seated yearning for Christian Unity.

"*What* we believe *divides* us; *whom* we believe *unites* us," said George Eliot. And so it is! *Faith*, therefore, is the determining factor, the key to the situation. At the center of all our creeds stands the supreme personality of Jesus. In our loyalty to him we are united. If we would find the path which leads to unity, we must forget our differences and join in a passionate faith in him whom we call *Master*. Some of us are inclined to believe that our differences are pretty important after all—that they are too precious to risk in the adventure toward a greater unity. So long as that attitude persists, we shall remain a divided people. Our first step must be one of *faith* in the wisdom, power and joy of the larger fellowship.

Just now we are much interested in toleration and good will. We have set aside a certain period during which the values of good will have been set forth. A worthy enterprise this, and a happy indication—but it is not enough. What we desire, in fact, what we are aiming at, is not mere uniformity—not a "mush of concessions," as Emerson termed it, but *fellowship*. And this Christian fellowship will require, in addition to toleration, *insight* and *understanding* and, above all else, *a sounder faith*.

One month ago it was my privilege to attend the biennial sessions of the Universalist General Convention at Syracuse, N. Y. Like all gatherings of its kind, this Convention had its moments of high enthusiasm. But, without question, the moment of deepest feeling and genuine enthusiasm came when overtures were received from the Unitarian and Congregational Conventions asking us to meet with them for the purpose of discussing the possibility of effecting a union of Liberal Christian forces in America. With a tremendous wave of applause that Convention voted unanimously to appoint a committee to meet with representative bodies from the communions named above. And these representatives are to discuss, not our points of disagreement but the points of similarity—the ties which bind us together already. You may say that these are merely gestures, and that is true. But let us thank God that they are gestures in the right direction. The day may yet be far off when we shall realize our desire for fellowship, but unquestionably the world is moving in that direction. For this blessing in the making we should be thankful to-day.

The subject of the Rev. William E. Dudley, of Park Congregational Church, was "The Love That Crowns the Years." He spoke in part as follows:

> "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto thy name. To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning and thy faithfulness every night."

From time's earliest beginnings the sense of man's dependence upon a higher power has been persistent. The faith of man in the presence and goodness of God has gripped the ages. Beginning possibly as an instinct, the idea of worship has developed into man's chief necessity. The human soul turns to God as the flower turns its face toward the sun. The fact is that life of the human race upon the earth is the life of God. If God ceased, the universe would collapse. Voltaire once said, "If there were no God it would be necessary to invent one." We believe in God the Father and in Jesus Christ His Son. That is why we are assembled here to-day to give thanks to God for His continued mercy in permitting us to live in the enjoyment of those manifold blessings of health, prosperity and happiness such as is our portion, as we appropriate the untold blessings of this beloved land of ours. We have much to be thankful for here in this great republic, and all we have we owe to the Almighty. Our forbears always recognized this fact, and, in cooperation with God, established a foundation of culture and piety upon which has been built the greatest democracy of all time.

Every move in science shrinks the idea of time and space and at the same time enlarges the idea of God and our place in His plan, all of which emphasizes the providence of God and the unity of the world order. The revelation of this eternal purpose has necessarily ushered in new international understandings and sympathies. I think we would be recreant to the highest duty if Thanksgiving were simply an occasion for the exploitation of American blessings and American opportunities. Thanksgiving has to do with all the world and not with nationality. We may be thankful for our country, and give God thanks that we are privileged to live here. But, after all, God is universal and not national. He is the Father of every nation, the author of every religion and the sponsor of every aspiration.

The sun that makes our crops grow here is the same sun that makes the crops grow yonder. The Infinite love that folds us tenderly in this great republic is the same love that nourishes into life the peasants of Russia, the Egyptians into life beneath the shadow of their immortal tombs, and the Japanese into life in their islands in the Yellow Seas. This season of Thanksgiving is a world occasion, and if we are truly thankful for the love that crowns the years, then our sympathies will widen and our understandings deepen until they embrace all the nations and the islands of all the seas. If we do not believe in God's whole world then it is blasphemy for us to be here. There is a sonnet by Charles Tennyson Turner of a little English girl who was given a world globe as a plaything, and whose fingers were welcome on all frontiers. When shown England she covered it with a kiss and her golden hair fell over all the rest of the globe. That

is precisely how we feel this morning in regard to this beloved America. America is something different after all. We love Old Glory and the spirit of the pioneer, and the brave dead who have entered the realms of rest. We stoop down to kiss the Stars and Stripes under whose folds our hamlets and cities so peacefully survive. When we stoop to kiss the Stars and Stripes let us remember the little lassie whose golden curls covered all the world. For that is how God is. He loves us, but He loves others. His love is so big and His graciousness so tender that He takes us all in, all the nations of us, and all the worlds of us are covered by His wings. That should be the supreme and fundamental reason for our thankfulness at this hour.

In this spirit let us become partners with Him in His creation and comrades with our fellows in the development of that new era that is yet destined to make all men brothers. We do this when we attempt to Christianize industry, idealize common duty, and in all things exemplify that spirit of tolerance that brings within its scope all members of the human race. That is the divinely appointed task of the American people, the task of leading the world in those great principles of liberty and justice that shall make possible the consummation of the eternal purpose in the affairs of men the world over, thus revealing to peoples everywhere the everlasting fact that there is indeed a Divine Love that crowns the years. For the privilege and responsibility of this great task let us give thanks unto the Lord and let us sing praises to His name.

The "Leader" Gets Under My Skin

Weston A. Cate

IT is Saturday night. The hour is late. I must go to bed at once. All day long I have been engaged in the task of grinding out a sermon and I am tired—dead tired. With preparations for a special service to-morrow completed my conscience is lighter but my head is heavier. I will lop down in the easy chair for a moment of relaxation. There's a new *Leader* lying on my desk. I will not attempt to read it through. I'll glance over the contents.

"What Good Did I Get Out of the War?" That's a mighty interesting subject. It takes an exceptional man to think up some really good thing coming out of the war. Who is he? Oh, Stoddy of St. Johnsbury. Sure, I know Stoddy. The last time I talked with him we met in the ten cent store. Well, he certainly deserves to win the Legion prize, for he has put a whole lot of common sense into a few short lines. Something gets under your skin when you read them.

Hello! Here is something on "The World Court." Getting late but I guess I'll just skim over this article. Oh yes, Mr. Bok, of Americanization and Peace Plan fame. Let's see what he has to say about the World Court. "An American plan—endorsed by five Presidents. The United States didn't join the Court. It never has." Shame on us! Senator Borah, how come?

And look who's here. I love to read the "Gospel According to Johannes." Cruising far or near, he always says something that gets under my skin, and "Some Sundays at the Sedges" is no exception. There is sunshine in his messages.

Well! I've read long enough. I simply must get to bed. I'll read the rest to-morrow. I'll just look and see what it will be. What! "Interesting Letters from Japan." Can't retire before reading these. I always devour every letter that comes from our Japan Mission field on the spot and without ceremony. Glad they don't come labeled, "Do not open until Christmas."

Here's a letter from Dr. Cary. Well! Well! I received a letter from Dr. Cary myself this very week. What! Nagano is stumping the theaters and broadcasting. Mizumakai is preaching to hundreds in the crowded streets of Osaka. Ito is getting record congregations. Contract for new building in Tokyo signed. "Sunday night I am going to try to preach in Japanese." Hurrah for Cary. I like your spirit.

"Oct. 25, we held a memorial service for Miss Osborn. Many of the older members were there. Mrs. Cate and Paul of course, and Mr. Satoah and Tame Imai." Suddenly the print blurs before my eyes and instinctively my hand is finding its way to my handkerchief, for I am thinking of the heroic sacrifices of our own "Saint Catherine" and of the spirit of her unstinted service for Christ. "Omatsu San," I find myself saying aloud, "did you say 'Sayonara Osborn sensei,' for me, too?" Such thoughts always get under my skin. God has ordained that they should.

Next is a letter from Clifford Stetson. I must read "Three Years of Us" before going to bed, whatever happens. His letters always interest me for some reason or other. I suppose it's because I have been in the very field where he is now doing such splendid work in Shizuoka. Then again, "Stet" and I chummed together in college and elsewhere, and I know him to be a "prince" among fellows. Hail the "Lusty Three-Year-Olds."

The hour is getting late. I must not read another minute. My conscience pricks. Ghosts of an ancient warning come stealing into my mind: "Young man, if you would preach well on Sunday morning you must go to bed early on Saturday night." Guess I had better quit now. But hold on. Here's a letter directed to the editor of the *Leader* which has a Bolshi title at one end, F. O. H. at the other and a lot of sh! sh! shs! between the two. "Woman Who Called Soldiers Bums Sentenced to Ten Days in Prison." The idiocy of the sentence imposed is alarming. But sh! Beware! "The Bogey Man will get you if you don't watch out."

What! Bless my soul! The clock is striking midnight. Can it be? Two hours ago, weary, I sat down to relax and *glance* through the *Leader*. Now I have read it from cover to cover and am refreshed in body and soul, and as I climb the stairs upon my way to the bed room I am saying to myself, "Bully little journal, the *Leader*. It sure gets under my skin."

P. S. Sunday, 12 noon. In spite of late hours last night I know that I delivered this morning one of the best sermons I've ever written. I feel it in my soul and in the hearty handshakes of my people. Did the *Leader* lead me?

Reactions of Our Readers

DELAYED BY OUR CARELESSNESS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In your issue of Oct. 24 you praise President Coolidge's Omaha speech. I am pained that you should seem to acquiesce in his tacit recognition that in war time intolerance is not only necessary but right, but I am still more surprised that you accept Mr. Coolidge's words at their face value. To-day's *New York Times* contains a brief statement that Mr. Coolidge has approved the exclusion of that charming woman and loyal patriot, Countess Karolyi. Mr. Coolidge also approved the exclusion of Mr. Saklatvala, an action which, as I recall it, did not exactly please you. Are such exclusions evidences of the "intellectual demobilization" of which Mr. Coolidge preaches?

To-day's *Times* also carries the story of the cancellation of the engagement of Arthur Henderson, formerly of the British Labor Government, to speak before a group of business men's clubs in Hartford. Another paper attributes this act to the interference of the National Security League, spawn of that same "necessity for a common purpose and a united intellectual front," which, according to Mr. Coolidge, "becomes paramount to everything else" in war-time.

Another cheering bit of news in the past week is the account of the attempt, fortunately unsuccessful, to induce the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to condemn by name the Civil Liberties Union and other liberal organizations. The effort to condemn these societies, Bishop Babcock told his associates, has behind it many influential laymen.

If the exclusion of Countess Karolyi and Mr. Saklatvala indicates what Mr. Coolidge means when he talks about "intellectual demobilization," then he clearly has a host of imitators and is bound to have more. If, however, he was using the words in their more conventional meanings, it is not his speeches but his actions that are setting the standard of conduct for the country.

Granville Hicks.

Northampton, Mass.

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"SINS OF OMISSION"

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Loving Universalism as I do for its valuable contribution to the religions of the world, and for its adherence to Christ and his teachings, I am keenly sensitive to any "sins of omission" committed by its followers.

Born and reared a Universalist, I was obliged to affiliate with other churches until in my wanderings I moved to Riverside, where I anchored and found a real home under the spiritual leadership of our sainted Dr. Deere, whose spiritual vision was so opened that he saw and communed with higher beings, and then brought down to us a knowledge transcending all dogmas of human belief.

We have come to a crisis in the religious world which we must take seriously. And I do not think liberals realize what is "in the air," being broadcast through organized bodies of fundamentalists, who are working very diligently through many channels to proselyte, and to throttle free speech and action. Bryan has passed from mortal sight, but the cause lives on, if less articulate since he ceased championing it.

Shall the extreme fundamentalists rule the broad-minded men in the Orthodox Church who in recent years have come out so nobly in their desire for unity and brotherly co-operation with us, their neighbors, who love them and who wish to work with them in every good cause? Shall their false prophets so inflame the minds of the ignorant fanatics until the merciless persecution of the Dark Ages repeats itself?

Shall our false prophets who do not truly represent us be allowed to disseminate their doctrines of materialistic philosophy? Can we afford to have in our pulpits ministers who say, "We have no proof of immortality?" If we have no comfort, hope or knowledge to give to those who are standing at the bier of loved ones, and can voice only doubts, we had better start Moral Centers teaching morality alone, and annihilation at death. The Unitarian Church has a brilliant galaxy of spiritually-minded men and women who have largely contributed to the culture and thought of the world. They are not to be judged by many of their ministers of the present age. One recently was publicly and deservedly rebuked by a minister of the Congregational faith, for "officiating at the deathbed of Christianity" in his sermon.

A few years ago the pastor of one of the largest Orthodox churches in London spoke in Los Angeles, attracting thousands because of his earnestness and his definite messages. At a meeting of the Ministerial Union, he said: "If the Church of Christ had been true to its ideals there would be no room for Christian Science. If it had not been for the investigation of scientific men in one hundred years from now no one would have believed in the resurrection of Jesus Christ, but as a result of their discoveries no scientific man will doubt the actual resurrection." He was referring to F. W. Myers' book, "Survival of Human Personality after Bodily Death," and to the work of Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others connected with psychical research.

If ministers can not find a proof of immortality in Christ's reappearance to his disciples, clothing himself in atoms (ectoplasm), it would be illuminating evidence for them if they would join the Psychical Research Society, and get an understanding of this occult manifestation.

Ada White Taylor.

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THE RELATION OF WAR TO CRIME

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

It is a good thing to have public attention focused on the subject of crime, as is now being done in an effort to diminish it, but it is quite another thing to achieve results. It will be as impossible to check crime to any appreciable degree without removing its roots and causes as it would be to stop an epidemic of typhoid while the community continues to get its water supply from a polluted source.

Crime does not just happen. It is not a thing of the moment. Crime is a symptom—or definite result of existing conditions. Therefore it is ever present. There are many psychological factors that enter into its continuance which only psychologists can adequately discuss (since only trained minds can adequately discuss the deeper problems connected with their professions). Here is where M. D.'s who specialize in mental conditions of all varieties can render valuable service. Are they already enlightening the public on these lines? An intelligent public opinion based on the latest scientific knowledge is the great need of the day if crime is to be successfully combated and reduced to a negligible proportion—as can be done by united and sustained effort.

There is, however, one powerful factor in this crime problem that is easily recognizable and can be entirely eliminated if people are sufficiently aroused and informed *and desirous of eliminating it.* That factor is war. War is the sum total of evils. It includes all kinds and varieties of depravity. It is lawlessness let loose—like an immense tidal wave or terrific cyclone. It is the giant atrocity that breeds all other atrocities. Its influence is both contagious and infectious. From the evil passions engendered by it what wonder that crime is rampant during war and seems to gather impetus after its close?

And what wonder that the minds of the young are receptive to ideas of crime when, from their earliest childhood, they hear about war and their minds are filled with thoughts of death by violence—and with more and more suggestions of increasing these deaths by additional and more dreadful and subtle devices? Try to soften this as much as may be under the guise of patriot-

ism or any other term, the ugly specter of mass murder will not down and it will create its sinister mental effects.

What wonder that children grow up to become criminals of all shades and grades of depravity, when they are given pistols and small guns and soldiers to play with and mock battles and killings are part of the sports that leave imprint upon their impressionable minds? And military training in high school and college serves to make the impressions of their childhood well-nigh indelible!

Should not our doctors deliver strong messages about this to our good citizens—especially now that the tremendous effects of the sub-conscious mind on both mental and physical health are being so widely recognized?

War is legalized crime. How shall we abate and prevent crime when the greatest of all crimes is maintained as a lawful institution and its threat is held constantly before us by our army and navy chiefs who feel they neglect their duty if they do otherwise? And with the thought of war is inextricably bound the thought of death by violence.

Abolish war! It can be done! The Locarno treaties are a good beginning even though feeble in some respects. But their spirit of co-operation is already clearing the atmosphere and relieving the terrible tension of hatred and fear. The United States should not only be willing but eager to follow up this line of action and steadfastly champion the co-operative spirit to the exclusion of militarism. It all depends on a determined attitude of mind. If the will to peace be strong enough (as at Locarno) war can be abolished. And the elimination of war will go a long way toward minimizing the number of criminals. The wonder is that human nature shows up as favorably as it does when all the drawbacks to noble development under which it labors are considered! What are the influences for good or evil that are brought to bear on the great majority of our children who will be the adults of to-morrow? Think it over!

Lydia G. Wentworth.

Brookline, Mass.

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DO WE HAVE POPES?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

The rural church seems to be the perplexing problem of all denominations.

It seems to be the general opinion that the trouble with our rural and village churches is a lack of efficient and democratic organization. It is not so generally recognized that this trouble is itself an effect of a more deep-seated evil. The reason for lack of enthusiasm expressing itself in a good working organization must be sought out if we are to save a large number of our smaller churches.

The existence in most of those churches of a petty parish pope, to use a phrase of Whittier, who displays a sense of absolute proprietorship, seems to the writer to be the root of all the trouble. Such a sovereign lay pontiff usually governs without constitution and is supported by a little group of self-perpetuating officials. He usually pays from five to ten per cent of the running expenses of the church and, in return, claims the ownership of the whole business—a very good investment for those who like that kind of bargain.

Is there any way to cure this evil? Is there any way to teach people that a man does not give anything to a church or to any other society when he uses his contribution as a means to dominate it—that such a method of control is little better than obtaining property by false pretenses?

In other cases there is no such popery but a general lack of knowing how to give. Men amply able to give one hundred dollars usually give ten, and no church can live on ten dollar pledges.

In a city there are other problems of course, but the bigness of things there somehow creates an atmosphere unfavorable to pettiness or littleness.

C. A. Polson.

Hoopeston, Ill.

A STRANGE POSITION

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I was interested to read about the rather strange position assumed by Wakefield Slaten as pastor of a Unitarian church. He has clearly "kicked over the traces." Nor does it seem less strange to think that a Unitarian church, which has been served so successfully by a man of the stamp of Mr. Potter, should call as its pastor a man who, so far as I know, has never proclaimed himself a Unitarian. Dr. Slaten himself is a muddle, neither fowl nor fish, neither orthodox nor heterodox, as any interested student of his New Testament expositions may easily discover for himself. That a man in such a mental condition might accept a Unitarian church as a "try-out" is intelligible, but that he should accept the church, and then fly in the face of its time-honored religious principles, is something far less than intelligible.

Oluf Tandberg.

Lansing, Mich.

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Pay for the Whistle

Keturah was reading the Paper, and I was reading a Book. And she was intent upon Increasing my Knowledge, so when I was in some very Interesting Place, she would now and again Read aloud to me.

And she said, Dost thou know how much it costeth the Railroads to blow their Whistles?

And I answered, That is one of a Great Many things on which my Ignorance is Profound.

And she said, Here is an article that telleth how many hundreds of Tons of Coal go to the making of the steam that is blown away by the Whistles of the Locomotives upon the Railways, and how it costeth many Hundreds of Thousands of Shekels every year.

And I said, Who hath discovered that fact?

And she said, It is a College Professor.

And I said, I could have been sure that it was no Railroad Man. For it is the habit of men to look but little into the wastes of their own business; and I hope that the Professor getteth a good Bonus from the Railways for his discovery, and not simply a Free Pass to Kalamazoo and back to visit his Grandmother, and be tortured all the way by the whistle of the Engine.

And Keturah said, This article saith that with all that the Railroads spend for their Whistles, the Noise is Ineffective. For the Whistle is located behind the Smokestack and behind the Bell and oft behind the Sandbox, and all these Deflect the Sound so that it goeth mostly to the sides and behind, and not much of it in Front.

And I inquired, saying, What else doth it say about the Railroad Whistle?

And she said, It saith that Whistles are made in all kinds of tone, and that the Big, Bass whistle carrieth the shortest distance, while a little Shrill whistle would take less steam and carry the noise much farther if the Railroads had sense enough to use it.

And Keturah was silent and went on reading to herself to find another opportunity to Interrupt and Instruct me, but I was already Instructed, and came away to write this Parable.

For the stupidity of the Railroads is like unto the stupidity of the prophets of the Lord. For they waste much Energy in blowing the Whistle that ought to go into the moving of the Train, and they locate the Whistle where it scareth the innocent saints at the side of the Road and bringeth no Godly Fear to the hearts of sinners. Yea, and they know not how to tune their Whistles so as to get the best results at the longest distance for the smallest Expenditure of Steam.

And so, while the Children of this World are as stupid in their generation as the Children of Light, that is no credit to the Children of Light, who ought to know better.

And Keturah said, It seemeth to me that a good word should be said for the Professor.

And I said, In this Parable I am the Professor.

What the Religious Weeklies Are Saying

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas has always been associated with good cheer. There is not one dolorous note in all the carols that have made Christmas music famous. Good cheer, good will and good fellows are three of the high notes that blend in the harmonies of joy to the world which the angels first sang. It is always dangerous to analyze anything so spontaneous and spiritual as joy, and yet despite the risk of taking the bloom off this delicate flower by our diagnosis we feel compelled to find the things which give tone and beauty to the joy of Christmas.

We do not go far in our search until we discover that expectancy is one of the prime elements of the joy of Christmas. The Messianic hope runs through the Old Testament from Genesis, where it is expressed in the familiar words, "He shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," to Malachi, who announces, "the Lord, whom ye seek, will suddenly come to his temple."

Expectancy is hope at white heat. Hope is the potential steel which lies latent in the iron ore, but expectancy is the molten mass ready for the cast. The Bible is full of hope often breaking into the flame of expectancy.

Expectancy is characteristic of youth. Youth has no past, so it lives in the present and future. It is always building castles in the air and always seeing visions. As men get older expectancy gradually fades and reminiscence takes the place of anticipation. It is always a sign of old age when men look back and not forward, look in and not out, and fear to venture. Institutions in this respect are a good deal like old men. Old nations like China, old schools like Oxford, old churches like the Greek or Roman Catholic, old orders like the Masons, are radically rooted in the past. Their enthusiasm is largely for what has been and their supreme effort is to hand on the past from one generation to another unchanged. But Christmas is forever young and those who cultivate its joy are always expectant.

As we conduct our quest for the things which give the joy of Christmas its seasonal resilience we find that the element of discovery is a potent factor in heightening the happiness characteristic of Yuletide. It is true that God reveals Himself, and yet it is just as true that He reveals Himself only to those who have the spirit of the explorer. We never find without first seeking unless it is a pure accident. The wise men from the East were as truly explorers as Peary, Scott, Shackelton and Amundsen, and as truly discoverers as Columbus. Who can adequately picture the joy of the wise men and the shepherds when they found the young child wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger?

The New Testament is full of the inspiration of discovery. Paul is the great explorer of the early church. His greatest discovery and the thing which he called "my gospel" was the discovery that God is no respecter of persons or races or nations, and that the blessings of the gospel are for all men on equal terms regardless of social status or religious distinctions. It was a sad day for Christianity when the era of discovery closed and when truth-seekers were put to death announcing that they had made a new discovery. But that day is past. The joy of discovery was never so pronounced and never so free to express itself as now. New discoveries are being made every day in science, government, commerce, philosophy and religion. The most recent discovery in government is beginning to thrill the whole Christian world, viz., the discovery that good-will, and not large navies, ponderous armies, impregnable fortifications and secret diplomacy, is the basis of international peace. And if good-will is the basis of world peace, is it not also the foundation of business prosperity, industrial progress, social well-being and denominational as well as interdenominational fellowship?

Before we close our search for the things which give the joy of Christmas its special flavor, we find that worship is no small part of the ingredients that enter into the blessedness of the season when we commemorate the birth of Christ. Words fail to describe the enthusiasm of the worshipers around the lowly child in the manger. Painters have exhausted their genius in the effort to picture it; dramatists have found in it a perennial fountain of inspiration for their art; musicians have caught its song and sent it down through the years in glorious harmonies, and worshipers of every Christian name and no name have been moved in every generation of the joy of the first worshipers to offer gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

"Immanuel, God with us"—that is the inspiration and joy of Christmas. We must not lose this joy in these days when the vastness of the universe revealed by science has a tendency to make God so transcendent and so impersonal that He is beyond our comprehension and our prayer, and when the evolution of the universe and the life in it including man is so generally accepted that man is regarded as only a superior kind of animal without the sacredness and immortal value attributed to him in the Bible. The personal, historical, living Christ, revealing God and redeeming man and explaining the universe, is the object of our enthusiastic worship. Let us make more of him in our worship both public and private. Let us bring our gifts to him at this Christmas season and let us not withhold ourselves. Let us revive the joy which expressed itself so beautifully and vitally in the groups who visited Bethlehem when Jesus was born.—*The Baptist.*

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THE MESSAGE OF THE STABLE

There is such a wealth of beauty in the story of the birth of Jesus; the tenderest memories of our lives are so entwined with every word of the Gospel narratives that the very beauty tends to blind our eyes to the truth that the birth of our Lord in a manger is a symbol of what has happened again and again in Christian history. Jesus was born outside of the organized life of man, where such a thing should happen. In the life of Judea there was decent provision for birth. Such a thing ought to have happened in a home or an inn, but "there was no room in the inn." So God's unspeakable gift came into the world not in a regularly appointed place, but in a place entirely separate and outside of the organized life.

It is well worth remembering at the Christmas season that this strange thing happened not merely once at the birth of Jesus, but has happened necessarily again and again when some new expression of the Spirit of Christ came into the world. When the channels through which such an expression should come, such as the church and the religious community, have been blocked by deadness and preoccupation with less divine things, our God in infinite resources has sent His Spirit into the world through many strange out-of-the-way "stables." Think of such a new incarnation of the Spirit of God as came into the world in the Wesleyan Revival in the eighteenth century. There was in the church of that time an organized institution where such a new birth of divine life should occur. But "there was no room for him in the inn;" no place for a new birth of religion in the cathedral or in the parish church. So, as on that first Christmas eve in Bethlehem, Christ was born again in a stable.

So it was with that rising tide of Christian feeling which abolished the slave trade. The same is true of that effort for human welfare which came in the modern labor movement. When the industrial revolution swept over all England and hundreds of thousands of children and men and women were being cruelly sacrificed to the great god of the machine, it was not in the church that the first or strongest protest arose. The church was pretty largely busy about other things. There was no room for him in the inn. Indeed the church was frequently on the side of the lords of capital, shamefully throwing its influence on the side of greed against human right. Again Christ was born in a manger. The authentic rebirth of his Spirit in the protest against the crippling of life in industry came about very often in groups and in places far removed from the church.

Is there any such rebirth of the Spirit of Jesus in our world

to-day which we do not recognize? Is the mind of the church so crowded that it has no room for new—and perhaps somewhat strange—expressions of Jesus' great passion for men?

We have given those ancient, beautiful words, "There was no room in the inn," a forceful application to individual life and we have done rightly. At each Christmas season we should sing again from the heart:

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee."

May we not also be clear of eye and quick of heart to make room in the organized life of religion for every true expression of the Spirit of Jesus, so that God shall not need to come into the world always through a stable but may find room in His own house?—*Christian Advocate.*

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PLAYING FAIR WITH THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

At the coming meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches in Detroit, the following topic is included in the agenda: "Is there a need for the churches to give stronger support to the religious press? If so, how? What responsibility, if any, should the Federal Council assume?" It is heartening that there is a growing belief that the leaders of Protestantism should take a decisive stand in this important matter. There is a feeling that it is high time to give definite and constructive support to the organs of Protestant opinion, both for the sake of Protestantism and of the Kingdom of God as a whole. The *Watchman-Examiner* quotes an eminent pastor as expressing the belief that many religious leaders, particularly those in charge of special interests, have hardly played fair with the religious press. His declaration is worth reading: "The weakest point is lack of co-operation with the promoters of our religious papers. The pastors and churches, secretaries and boards, schools and sanitariums, are willing to receive help from our papers, indeed, are offended if the papers fail to give them support; and at the same time seem to have no conviction as to their duty toward our papers. This is a fatal point of weakness. We do not give the papers fair play; *we demand of them extraordinary favors, but we do not give them even ordinary support.* We must give the denominational paper a square deal. Its dividends are greater efficiency in service. *It is our greatest denominational asset.* We ought to accord to it our loyal and active support."

Whatever measure of devotion is won, however, by such agitation, it must be understood that any service rendered to the church paper is not primarily for the sake of the paper, but for the sake of the church itself. The religious journal exists only for one purpose—to represent and to serve the church.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

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WARNING WORDS TO LIBERALS

The cause of Christian unity found a wise exponent when Dr. Harold E. B. Speight brought to Syracuse (the Universalist General Convention) the invitation of the Unitarians to the two communions. Some of the things which Dr. Speight said deserve attention in every part of the church. In particular, his insistence upon the necessity of fellowship between men of right spirit, without regard to differences in creedal positions, needs to be pondered. On this plane, Dr. Speight held, men "are united not in what they can say about their faith, but in what their faith leads them to do." "While we are busy denouncing the racial bigotry and religious intolerance of the Ku Klux Klan and the fundamentalist program," said Dr. Speight, "we must beware of their equivalent in our midst. The world is not content to listen to our exposition of Christianity in modern terms and our application of this liberal Christianity to the needs of living men; it is watching very closely whether along with what we believe to be new truth we are also contributing a new spirit. Believe me, the men and women who are to-day giving to the claims of religion a new attention and response are looking for more than truth—that has been offered to them before, in convenient packages, full weight clearly labeled. They are looking to-day for evidence among Christians of something that is better witness to Christianity than even truth; they are turning with eagerness to those who exhibit a spirit hitherto sadly lacking in the relations of Christians with one another, the spirit of sympathy and love. If your communion and mine were to lend ourselves—as some would have them do—to a militant emphasis upon the differences of outlook that separate us from the great body of organized Christianity, we should perhaps have some of the thrills of combat, develop some of the virtues of consistency, win some of the spoils of spiritual polemics, but any such gains would be negligible compared with the loss of real influence and the loss of self-respect that must attend such a course." After reading words of this kind, it is not difficult to understand why Dr. Speight's ministry at King's Chapel, Boston, has so soon made its mark on the mind of that conservative city. There is no question but that formal denominational divisions mean little or nothing as compared with the community of spirit which is drawing together men from all communions. Now to have this rapidly growing fellowship threatened by a creedal fundamentalism, even when masked as "liberalism," is to place in jeopardy one of the most hopeful and Christian features of our present religious life.—*Christian Century.*

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WE FEEL QUITE YOUNG, THANK YOU

Discriminating readers of the *Messenger* doubtless have often noted on our title page the significant words, "*Founded* 1827." It will not be long until the *Messenger* can celebrate its centennial, and we are calling attention to it now merely to remind our friends of the venerable character of our church paper, and at the same time to emphasize its exuberant youth. Like the *Youth's Companion*, which was born in the same year, we can say that the growth and continued improvement of the *Messenger* is an impressive proof of the vitality of the ideals for which it has stood from its beginning. It is quite old, as church papers go. But it has lived in deeds as well as years; in thoughts and feelings, as well as figures on the dial. Who will deny that there are far too many Reformed Church homes to which it remains a stranger? We can not help wondering whether the *Messenger*, through almost a century of service, has not deserved even better things than it has so far received from its constituency. Its friends have shown a fine and growing loyalty, but conditions in the field of religious journalism now make larger co-operation imperative.

The *Churchman*, national weekly journal of the Protestant Episcopal Church and one of the outstanding religious papers of America, with a brotherly, liberal and progressive spirit, has begun a campaign for an endowment fund of at least $250,000. This is deemed an absolute necessity to guarantee stability and every religious journal in America should join in prayer for the success of this campaign. It truly represents a movement in which sooner or later all church papers must join. The *Universalist Leader*, another of the really great religious journals, under its present aggressive editor, has been working along the same line, and says in a recent issue: "We do not propose to work at it quietly much longer. We do not warn good causes to get out of the way. One of our first tasks is to back them up persistently. But we should consider ourselves false to our churches, our colleges and seminaries, our boards and all our other agencies of service, if we did not provide for the church paper to go on efficiently. We need endowments as much as institutions of learning. Tuition fees can not begin to pay professors and to provide laboratories. Subscription rates can not begin to pay editors and othe writers, and take care of production costs. We don't want to get where struggle becomes unnecessary, but where we can do better work."

This is really the feeling in the heart of every progressive editor. It may take some time until some of our Protestant denominations wake up to the importance of this movement, but in the end it is bound to succeed, if Protestantism is to succeed.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

Home and Children

A VASE

Alice Phelps Rider

A slender vase
Upon whose bosom lay, like fine old lace,
A quaint design; with colors soft as rest,
And melody of form; what beauty blest
That vase!

A single flower,
That seemed the essence of one perfect hour,
Was in that vase. "What harmony!" I thought.
The vase was rare; but God Himself had wrought
The flower.

Markesan, Wis.

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THE CHRISTMAS STORY

Mrs. Arnold Yantis

IT is hard for us who live in the year 1925, with our automobiles and radios and the busy life of our time, to realize that there ever was a year 1. Yet in the year 1 such a wonderful thing happened that we count all our time from it.

In the year 1 the world was already very old. There were many boys and girls living then, but not one of them had ever hung up his stocking on Christmas eve or sung a Christmas carol.

Evergreens grew on the hillsides but not one had been lighted with candles and hung with gifts to make little children happy.

The world was not a happy place in the year 1. Kings were cruel and hard. Wars were frequent. The world was filled with jealousy, and bitterness, and discontent. People had not been taught to love each other. They had been taught to take "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

And so the people longed for the coming of a new king who would bring peace and happiness into the world. Many of the old prophets had foretold the coming of such a king. The people waited and longed and hoped for the time when he would come. They pictured him as a man of great power and wealth, surrounded by luxury, living in a beautiful palace, with an army of servants and soldiers. They never thought he would come as a tiny baby, the son of poor parents, born in a manger.

In a little village nestled among the hills of Galilee lived a maiden whose name was Mary. As she belonged to the Jewish race we picture her with dark hair and eyes. We know she had a sweet, kind face because we know she was gentle and good. We know she was happy, for she was about to be married to Joseph, a fine young man, the village carpenter in Nazareth.

Early in the spring just before the year 1, Joseph and Mary were married. Many guests came to the wedding. There were flowers and gifts, a long parade, and a great feast for all the guests.

Then Joseph and Mary went to live in Joseph's little house of only two or three rooms, the carpenter shop in the front, and a living room and kitchen just back perhaps, where Mary was happy and busy doing her housework.

All summer long Joseph worked at his carpenter's bench or went out with his kit of tools to work for the neighbors.

Mary cared for her garden, and mended, and cooked good, wholesome meals for Joseph.

It was a long, happy summer.

Then the fall came. The flowers in Mary's garden faded. The harvests were gathered in and stored away.

Then came the winter. Frost was on the grass, though the shepherds could still feed their flocks on the hillsides.

Caesar Augustus, the great Roman Emperor, wanted more money, just as many people in power to-day are not satisfied with what they have. So he made a law that every man in that section should go to the city from which his family came to have his name placed in a great book so that he might be taxed.

This meant that Joseph had to go to Bethlehem, the city of David, for David was an ancestor of Joseph's.

He did not want to leave Mary at home alone, and Mary herself was anxious to go with him, for she had never been to Bethlehem.

So Joseph hired a donkey for Mary and perhaps one for himself too, for it was a long trip from Nazareth to Bethlehem. There were no trolleys or railroad trains in those days.

Over the hills and through the valleys they went until finally, just at dusk, the old city of Bethlehem lay before them.

They must have been strangers there, for no one came to meet them. There was no home to which they could go. Dusty and worn and tired from the long trip, they began to look for shelter. But Bethlehem was filled with strangers who had come on the same errand. Nowhere could they find a vacant room. So, although they knew they could not afford it, they were forced to go to the inn.

Mary waited outside on her donkey while Joseph sought for a room. The clerk of the inn, seeing his rough clothes and his carpenter's kit which he had brought with him, said, "There is no room for you in the inn." "But," said Joseph, "what shall I do? I can not find a room. My wife is with me and she must have shelter."

"Well, there is the stable," said the clerk, as he turned to a wealthier customer; "stay there if you wish."

So in the great cave used as a stable for the inn, side by side with the feeding donkeys and cattle, Joseph and Mary laid down to rest after their long, hard journey.

There in the night the tiny baby was born who was to change the whole world.

The shepherds were still out on the hillsides. They saw lights and knew that something was happening at the inn stable.

Some of them thought they heard angel voices telling them that the king for whom they had so long waited had come.

They put their sheep in the fold and went to the stable, and there they saw the baby wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. Something told them that this baby was the king for whom they had so long waited and who was to bring peace and joy to the world. They knelt down and thanked God that he had come, and went out to spread the glad news all through the land.

The coming of Jesus into the world was the greatest event that has ever happened in the lives of men, for he taught men how to live. He taught us to love each other and to do as we would be done by. He taught us that God is not a stern and awful Judge to be feared, but a kind and loving Father, and that we are all His children. Because these are the greatest truths in life, we know that the Christ child was our greatest Christmas gift, we count our years from his coming, and we call ourselves Christians because he was called Christ.

Christmas is the most beautiful, most sacred, of all the holidays because it is the day we keep to remember Jesus' birth, and the great lessons which he taught us.

* * *

"THE GENTLEMAN UNDER OUR HAT"

One need not be a crank against tobacco, nor even adverse to tobacco smoke, to feel that an injustice is being perpetrated against the liberty and comfort of a great many people in public places. Indeed a great many smokers of fine heart and chivalrous spirit are themselves indignant at the manner in which other smokers violate the rights of others. So that it is in no sense of narrow criticism that we resent the fact that there is a growing tendency for those who do smoke to use their cigars and cigarettes in public dining rooms and conveyances where their smoke is objectionable, and sometimes actually sickening, to those who have paid their money and have just as good a right to be there as have these smokers themselves. And yet one is accused of being narrow and persnickity if he objects to their utterly selfish and unjust practise.

Now if there is any man who is little and narrow in this case, it surely must be the fellow who insists on having his smoke regardless of how unpleasant he makes it for others. Just common decent manliness forbids one to impose upon another his own habits and indulgences; and yet this is what every smoker does do who "lights up" in public places. And it is to this that we object and have a right to object. Any man may smoke if he wants to—if he does it in private. But no man has a right to smoke in public where it is offensive to others. Yet one can not go into public dining rooms, or ride in public conveyances, or attend banquets of real importance, with the assurance that he will not be so saturated with tobacco smoke that he will have a headache and be unfitted for his work for a day or two. Such smokers are always talking about "personal liberty!" What about the other fellow's liberty—the fellow who does not smoke? Has he no rights in the matter? When he pays his money for a meal, or for a ride, or for a banquet, has he (or she) no right to be free from a second-hand smoke that is offensive and actually sickening to many? We have never been narrow on the tobacco question, nor made ourselves repugnant to those who use tobacco; but we do feel that smokers owe it to themselves to be more considerate of the comforts and rights of others than many of them are, especially in public. It will do the "gentlemen under their hats" good to cultivate such justice and consideration, as our own Dr. G. W. Morrow well says in the following letter clipped from a recent issue of the *Detroit Free Press:*

> "More people favor it than are against it." Is that a gentleman's reason why the others of us to whom the smoke is unpleasant should be subjected to the inconvenience of sitting in the smoke in public conveyances? It is no credit to the smoker that he inflicts his smoke upon many, many people who are too generous to speak of it though to them the smoke is so very obnoxious. If the gentleman who insists on his personal liberty were a little more thoughtful of the personal liberty of others, he would not presume to smoke in any public conveyance without first begging the privilege of not only one of the passengers but of every one. A gentleman was smoking in a jitney in which I was riding the other day, when I remarked, "Brother, we all get the benefit of your smoke second handed." He replied (not with an apology) but by saying: "I don't see any signs up 'No smoking.' " I replied: "The gentleman under your hat ought not to need a sign."
>
> Let me beg the smokers to have a wee thought for the other passengers and smoke later.
>
> *Exchange.*

* * *

BACK IN THE OLD SHOP

For some years the traveling salesman had seen former President Taft breakfasting at the table next his own several times a week, when the present Chief Justice held the Kent Chair of International Law at Yale. The scene was that favorite haunt of commuters and early travelers, Mendel's Restaurant in the Grand Central.

A genial soul was the former President, replying affably to his waitress's gum-choked efforts at small talk.

Then, after President Harding had draped Mr. Taft's ample shoulders with the ermine, the salesman saw him no more at those early and solitary breakfasts, for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, naturally, no longer traveled periodically to New Haven.

One morning the familiar figure bulked large again in the doorway and Justice Taft proceeded to his customary table for breakfast.

"Ain't seen you in a long time," commented his waitress. "What's th' matter; ain't you with them New Haven people any more?"

"No," replied the Chief Justice, gravely. "I'm back with the first people I used to work for. Good job, and better hours."
—*The New Yorker.*

* * *

THE POWER OF REPETITION

An advertising expert talked at a dinner about the psychology of propaganda.

"A boy boarded an excursion steamer," he said. "Every bench and camp chair was occupied.

"The boy devised a trick. 'Seen the whale?' he began to ask the excursionists near him. 'Tied to the pier on the other side.'

"His whale story was laughed at. But he kept on repeating it. Gradually, one by one, the passengers got up and crossed over.

"The boy got a seat. Soon he could have had a hundred seats. For the whale story had at last got in its work. Everybody had hurried off so as not to miss the whale.

"He sat alone for some time. Finally he hopped up and rushed to the other side of the boat, muttering:

" 'Gosh, maybe there is a whale there after all.' "—*The Philadelphia Bulletin.*

* * *

HE MEANT IT

Miss Murphy is a teacher in one of the lower grade schools at Northampton, Massachusetts. She was teaching her pupils to repeat in concert the 23d Psalm. She felt that one little boy was not saying it correctly. The next time the class recited the psalm she stood near this boy, and found, when it came to the verse, "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me," etc., he said, "Surely, good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."—*Boston Daily Globe.*

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

Two Stages of Religion

The Healing Gods of Ancient Civilization. By Walter Addison Jayne. The Yale University Press. $5.00.

Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism. By Franz Cumont. The Open Court Publishing Company. $2.00.

Nothing conduces more to the understanding of man than the study of religions. As we observe the struggles of men to adapt themselves to the universe in which they live, we penetrate deep into human nature. The two books here reviewed offer studies in two stages of the religious development of the Mediterranean world. Dr. Jayne has written most learnedly on the gods who were thought to concern themselves with men's health. Incidentally he has been forced to give a brief but fairly comprehensive summary of the various religions in their entirety. Professor Cumont's book picks up the story more or less at the place where Dr. Jayne drops it. He displays the break-down of Roman paganism in the centuries immediately before and immediately after the beginning of our era, together with the rise of the Oriental religions, which was at one and the same time both a cause and a result of this disruption. Inasmuch as the decadent Roman paganism which he describes is much the same as the flourishing paganism depicted by Jayne, and inasmuch as the Oriental religions are the direct outgrowth of the Egyptian, Phenician, Syrian and Persian cults also discussed in "The Healing Gods," the connection between the two books is close.

Dr. Jayne has sought to compile a large amount of information, and that is all. He has a formula which he invariably observes: first an excellent dissertation on the general characteristics of the religion under discussion, then a few notes on the principal sources of information, then some reflections on the state of the healing art, and finally a long and detailed list with comments on each of the gods connected, albeit ever so remotely, with any aspect of healing. In this way he discusses the religions of Egypt, Assyria, Phenicia, India, Iran, Greece, and Rome. The section on Greece is the longest and contains a most interesting essay on Asklepios, principal god of healing, and on the healing sect which was named after him and which established and observed the high standards of professional ethics recorded in the Hippocratic oath. On the whole the book is not interesting, but it contains much valuable material and is highly useful as a reference book.

Not less the product of fine scholarship, Cumont's volume is much more a book to be read through, to be enjoyed, and to be meditated upon. It spares the reader many details, though it never omits essentials. It states facts, but it also draws conclusions. Cumont has examined the various Oriental religions, commonly grouped together under the term mysteries. Careful to trace the development of each religion on its native soil, he also shows its importance when transplanted to Rome. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the chapter in which he tells why these religions supplanted Roman paganism, emphasizing their emotional richness, their superior morality, their greater truth of doctrine, and their faith in a blessed immortality. This chapter he supplements as he proceeds by showing what features of each religion gave it its appeal for the Romans. In addition to discussing the religions themselves he reveals the extent to which they were all influenced by astrology.

It is an amazing picture that Cumont draws, a picture of a great civilization surrendering its indigenous religion for a host of alien faiths. As he puts it, "Let us suppose that in modern Europe the faithful had deserted the Christian churches to worship Allah or Brahma, to follow the precepts of Confucius or Buddha." Such a confusion, "in which all those priests would erect temples of exotic architecture in our cities and celebrate their disparate rites therein, . . . would offer a pretty accurate picture of the religious chaos in which the ancient world was struggling before the reign of Constantine." It is not a pretty picture, but we must remember that the religious chaos of the Roman world made Christianity possible. The human needs and beliefs that led to the adoption of the Oriental religions also led to the adoption of Christianity. It was by virtue of its resemblances to the mystery religions that Christianity first won its hold, though it was by virtue of its differences that it survived.

* *

Dialogues in Limbo

By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

It is presumptuous to call Santayana an American philosopher, for he comes of Spanish stock and is now resident in England, but he spent a number of years teaching at Harvard and he has always had an American following. Widely reputed as a man of great literary power, a poet of distinction and an essayist *par excellence*, he is primarily a philosopher. Though he has frequently been criticized as cloistered, he can justly reply that to-day an objective, impartial mind may be as useful as the cluttered mind that mingles in our hurly-burly existence.

From his tower of ivory he has apparently emerged from time to time to visit that limbo where dead philosophers dwell, a journey for which most modern writers seem to find no leisure, and he has recorded his conversations with the shades of Democritus, Socrates, and Avicenna. With them he has discussed the nature of the universe, the part played by illusions in human life, the weaknesses of democracy, and kindred themes. Avicenna tells him the secret of Aristotle, Socrates questions him on contemporary beliefs, and Democritus lectures to him about matter. He reports the interviews with charm, reproducing Socratic dialogue with amazing accuracy and skill.

The philosophy of Santayana is something of a puzzle, principally because he is wise enough not to use exact terms to describe inexact ideas. He appears to be a materialist, but without the dogmatism of a Haeckel or the iconoclasm of a Bertrand Russell, for he is an artist and he knows the beauty that is in the universe. "I deny nothing," he makes Democritus say. "Your Olympian victory and your trembling steeds, spattered with foam, and your strong, lithe hand detaining them before the altar of Apollo while you receive the crown—how should science delete these verses from the book of experience or prove that they were never sung?" Or again the same philosopher remarks, "I am far from blaming you for seeing the beautiful, when the atoms passing in clouds before your eyes or through the ventricles of your body waft the scent of beauty upon you." Beauty exists; perhaps it is an illusion, but illusions exist.

In the same manner Santayana expresses through the mouth of Avicenna, the great Mohammedan follower of Aristotle, his view of religion. "Be not deceived by the language which the philosophers must needs borrow from the poets, since the poets are the fathers of speech. When they tell you that Allah made the world, and that its life and love are an emanation from him, and that quitting this life you may still live joyfully elsewhere, they speak in inevitable parables; for in truth it is the pulse of nature that creates the spirit and chooses a few thoughts (among the many thoughts unchosen) and a few perfections (among all the perfections unsought) to which it shall aspire; and the special harmony which this vast instrument, the revolving world, makes as it spins is the joy and the life of God." Santayana sums up this view of the universe when he says to Avicenna, "I see: 'Tis love that makes the world go round, and not, as idolatrous people imagine, the object of love," an epigram deserving of some thought.

But it is not only an expression of his

philosophy, with its frank realism and its equally frank love of beauty and veneration for religion, that Santayana has included in "Dialogues in Limbo." He has taken a playful fling at contemporary philosophers, particularly the idealists. Democritus tells his visitors, "Superstition is as rife in your time as it was in mine," and he adds, "Not that I am an enemy to idealists, though they be all sworn enemies to me; for I am a friend of nature, and nature is not an enemy to anything that she breeds. Vegetables, too, in so far as they think, are dreamers and idealists, and neither nature nor I have any quarrel with vegetables." Likewise in the company of Socrates Santayana gibes at democracy, saying: "Our tragedy is an old one, of which you drew the moral long ago; it is the tragedy of those who do as they wish but do not get what they want. It is the tragedy of self-government." And on many other subjects our urbane and polished philosopher, in his own person, or from behind the mask of some ancient sage, speaks. Both form and style are admirably adapted to the subject matter. Whatever Santayana writes is a joy to read.

* *

Educational Frontiers

By Scott Nearing. Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

Of Simon Patten this book is written. Professor Patten for thirty years taught in the University of Pennsylvania, stimulating the minds of all who worked with him, forcing students to think for themselves, always holding forth the ideal of a better humanity. His alert mind made him not only an admirable teacher but also an original, pioneering scholar. After his three decades of service he was summarily dismissed from the university in 1917 because he opposed the war. Possibly he should have considered himself disgraced, but, knowing right well that it was the university that was dishonored, he kept on without bitterness, and until his death in 1922 he expended all his strength in the advancement of the causes dear to him. Well may Scott Nearing sum up his attributes in this panegyric: "What a combination of qualities! The faith of a child; the enthusiasm of a boy; the imagination of an adolescent girl; the acumen of a trained lawyer; the wisdom of a sage; the will of a buccaneer, and dominating all a deep, unfailing sympathy for the whole human race." The story of the wrong done Simon Patten recalls so many similar instances that the reviewer wonders how any Christian in America can meditate on the frenzy and hysteria of the war days and the days after the war without falling on his knees and asking God's forgiveness.

Taking Simon Patten's life as his text Scott Nearing devotes the last two-thirds of his book to the essentials of good teaching and the difficulties which a good teacher faces. He estimates that ninety per cent of all the teachers in America were led into teaching by the bread and butter motive, and he concludes that from these teachers pupils are likely to learn little that clashes with the conventional creed. Citing cases, but wisely refraining from citing his own, he shows how teachers have suffered because they taught what they believed. More or less in the manner of Upton Sinclair he shows the domination of financial interests in the colleges and universities, citing a few notorious examples. Finally he appeals to teachers to be willing to pay the penalty.

Certain sections of the book are colored by Nearing's socialism, which is inevitable, but the greater part applies to any teacher, whatsoever his creed. Nearing's revolt against text-book teaching, beautifully exemplified in Professor Patten, has nothing to do with socialism. His insistence on academic integrity is quite apart from his social beliefs. The staunchest defender of the existing order, unless he is a coward or a fool, can not be content to dole out second hand the carefully tinted information found in the expurgated text-books endorsed by boards of education. Nor could such a person accept placidly the checks placed on his freedom, even though he had no desire to exercise that freedom. It seems to us that only a mouse-minded person could sign the oath required under the Lusk Laws in New York State or submit to the educational spy system, even though he could with perfect honesty apply to himself every phrase that the oath contains and with absolute confidence know that he was safe from his superior's suspicions. With one hand Nearing has lashed the teaching profession unsparingly; with the other he has pointed to Simon Patten, embodiment of what that profession might be.

It's good work.

* *

College

By John Plamer Gavit. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The phenomenal and rapid increase of the number of students in our institutions of higher education has stimulated much discussion. Probably the most informative and enlightening publication covering the whole range of subjects involved is Mr. Gavit's "College." In preparation for writing his book the author devoted two years to a pilgrimage among the colleges of America and other countries. He visited more than thirty such institutions, living among the students for a few days or a few weeks, as the case seemed to demand. The information thus gathered is to be found in this book, together with many stimulating suggestions.

He discusses the college from the standpoint of the parent and the student. He has a chapter on Extra-Curriculum Activities, a subject which is engaging much attention on the part of educators. He has a chapter on college presidents, and another on "College Women and Marriage" and one of high value upon "Family Influence in College Life."

From the standpoint of the church perhaps the most valuable chapter is entitled, "Religion and Radicalism."

There is a wide-spread opinion that our colleges are hot-beds of irreligion and "radicalism." Our author did not find this so. "At every college, as in every other considerable group of people—occasionally in a faculty—there are individuals with this, that or the other kind of 'bug.' Generally they are harmless and regarded with amusement. If any professors outside the few schools definitely committed to socialistic propaganda are indulging in insidious 'radical' proselytism under guise of instruction, I did not catch them at it."

This should reassure the suspicious.

F. O. H.

* *

Recollections of Thomas R. Marshall.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mr. Marshall calls his delightful volume "A Hoosier Salad." That is an excellent description, but one should remember that salads are often delicious, refreshing, nourishing and revealing. Marshall's "Recollections" are all that and more.

Every page of the book sparkles, effervesces, entertains, but all together they reveal the author as not merely a witty and captivating gentleman, but as sincere, wise and, above all, kind. For "Tom" Marshall to have written a dull, dignified autobiography would have been to wear a mask. He tells the story of his life in his own inimitable way and in doing so reveals himself to perfection. The book is entirely artless, but, for just that reason, reaches a high place in art. There is a never-ending discussion as to whether Boswell intentionally wrote the greatest biography in literature, or simply blundered into the achievement. In this instance there can be no doubt that Mr. Marshall did not attempt to write a great biography but simply to tell his story in his own hit-or-miss fashion. But it remains true that he has produced a great biography. The reader feels that he has known Marshall personally, and not only that but the other characters whom he introduces into his story. His chapter on the family doctor leaves the reader in love with "Tom's" father, the country physician, and thereby in honor for all the old-fashioned country doctors now so rapidly disappearing.

If one began to tell over again the delightful stories with which the volume abounds, there would be no end. He would simply rewrite the book. Our time is prolific in notable biographies. Here is one that is decidedly different, but which ranks among the very best.

F. O. H.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

GOOD HOPE IN RHODE ISLAND

My two colleagues and myself, all having spent considerable time in Rhode Island, are impressed with particular advances and with a general spirit of progress. In every church school in the state we have found some features to make us glad; and we have discovered that the workers are grateful for the labors of Miss Carrie J. Crowell and her fellow officers of the State Association, and are eager to give all possible co-operation.

At Providence First the entire parish has become so committed to the cause of religious education that a vote has been passed to secure a full-time worker to reorganize and to direct the church school. In Harrisville, where the church has been beautified and a $5,000 organ has been installed, we have one of our few hundred per cent standard schools. The new Church of the Mediator in Providence, one of the most attractive in the entire denomination, has been planned with a special view to the church school, as has the beautiful and artistic parish house at Woonsocket.

These facts and many others are indicative of an intelligent recognition of the part that the education of the young ought to have in the life of every church. There is good ground for optimism in wide-awake Rhode Island.

The Wanderer.

* *

BRIDGEPORT SHOWS A GOOD WAY

The parish paper at Bridgeport has a column devoted to the Sunday school, thus keeping its interests constantly before the whole parish. The school appoints a regular correspondent to furnish the copy for this column.

* *

NEW STEREOPTICON TALKS

Two new stereopticon talks have been prepared on the Suffolk School. Each includes twelve entirely new colored slides. Reservations for these may be made at any time. It is those who speak first who will have them for the season of the appeal for the American Missionary offering.

* *

RALLY WEEK AT WEST SOMERVILLE

Our school at West Somerville took a whole week to rally its members for the fall work. It was planned to awaken lagging interest and succeeded beyond the hopes of the workers.

On the first Sunday the school attended church in a body. The minister preached an appropriate sermon to the older ones while the younger members were dismissed to the vestry for the regular lesson. On Wednesday evening, the pupils entertained their parents and friends. On Friday there was a "picnic" for the older members and on Saturday a Hallowe'en party for the little people. On the second Sunday the school invited the congregation to attend the opening service. This was conducted by a class of intermediate boys.

* *

ENTHUSIASM FOR DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

Mrs. Warner H. Bell, superintendent of our Sunday school at the Second Church in Springfield, has been interested in a Daily Vacation Bible School in that city. Her own church co-operated with a Congregational and an Advent school in supporting the work. The pupils were of nine different denominations, including Greek and Roman Catholics. Mrs. Bell writes as follows:

"Our Daily Vacation Bible School was successful and I am convinced that it is the most wonderful work in the world, even greater than the Sunday school because you can have more time, more scope. I believe that the Daily Church schools should be stressed and the work enlarged, not leaving it merely to vacations. I believe it should be community and not denominational. Our pupils all took part in everything and you couldn't tell a Universalist from a Catholic, which of course is as it should be.

"I thank you for sending the books. They were a wonderful help. I do not know what I should have done without them."

* *

SUCCESS AT SUNBURST

On the eighth day of November, the Sunburst school held its fifty-second consecutive session. Last year they missed this goal by just one Sunday, but this year they really did it. In spite of a flood the night before that "made the river come down," one family of eight walked, with baby in arms, up a long hill through the mud to connect with an automobile which could bring them "to be counted in." The school now has five classes with graded work. As soon as the permanent assistant comes there will be a separate primary department meeting in the big room of the new "Friendly House."

The W. N. M. A.

The address of the W. N. M. A. is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

WORLD PROBLEMS

In a book published by The Inquiry, 129 East 52d St., New York City, we find the following paragraphs quoted from "The Missionary Outlook in the Light of the War," which set forth clearly the type of men and women upon whom we must depend for the success of the missionary enterprise everywhere:

"The whole missionary enterprise depends on the existence in Christian lands of men who carry on their hearts the needs of other men and who feel responsibility for the meeting of those needs. The radius of their brotherhood must be that of the human race. It is a brotherhood which looks outward for its expression but upward for its warrant—a brotherhood born of the Christian religion, resting on the common Fatherhood of God and the universality of Jesus Christ, and proceeding upon the assumption that the unity for our social thinking must be humanity.

"It is an immeasurable asset for any international organization that in every land of the earth to-day there exists a body of men, larger or smaller, to whom it is natural to think of others in terms of brotherhood and friendship, whose habit of mind is to think of the merits instead of the demerits of men and of other nations, who would rather believe well than ill of men around the globe, who understand the spiritual language spoken by men of other tongues. Such groups have actually been built up by foreign missions all over the world. They put any great movement for the good of humanity in the position in which nascent Christianity found itself in the spread over the whole earth of the Jewi h race, as a result of which there was everywhere a small or large group to whom the new doctrine could be presented intelligibly, among whom actually it did ordinarily take its first root. As a result of foreign missions thousands of men in all lands are already in league with one another at the deeper levels of life. . . .

"The spirit of sacrifice must be formed in all nations. Everywhere, quietly, insistently, forcefully, men who believe in the spirit of service and sacrifice as over against the spirit of selfishness and distrust of others must propagate their faith. But where is there any adequate basis for such a spirit except in the Gospel of Christ? And where is such a spirit so marked as in foreign missions? Foreign missions is the test of it and the greatest single manifestation of it anywhere. The missionaries themselves are exemplifying it . . . In every non-Christian land the Christians constitute the one group whose faith carries this spirit as part of its inescapable logic."

If classes for the discussion of World Problems are being formed in any of our Circles or other groups in our churches the book from which the above is quoted—"Missions and World Problems"—will be found stimulating and instructive.

The Mid-West Institute

Harold A. Lumsden

The past summer witnessed a new occurrence in the Y. P. C. U. It is hoped that this event will continue with us each summer and be a source of joy for every one that attends.

I refer to the Mid-West Institute that met in August in the Joliet Church Camp, about nine miles from town. In many respects the location is ideal and the idea back of the Joliet Church Camp is one that warrants the support of all loyal Universalists.

The camp-ground consists of thirty-eight acres of land, partly timbered. There is a beautiful little stream running through it which affords great possibilities in the way of amusement and fishing. The present equipment is necessarily small, for this is but the beginning. There is one cabin that serves very well as an assembly room, and a kitchen and dining-room. It is rather artistic in its appearance, and serviceable. Tents are used for sleeping and are well provided with cots and good mosquito nets, which you can well appreciate after having been where these articles are not known.

Near by is a fairly large body of water that affords opportunity to cool off when the weather is too warm.

The present plans of the Joliet church call for the purchase of this entire tract and then the selling of it to about fifty Universalists who want to build cabins there.

The idea is a noble one and, as I said, one that ought to be supported. The location is one that appeals to any lover of the great out-of-doors. It is undisturbed and unmolested and far enough away from the main road to be unnoticed by the passer-by, yet close enough to town and railroads so that it is a fine place to hold a convention or institute.

However, much as I would like to continue writing about the camp site, I must get back to the topic with which I first started.

The Mid-West Institute is like the Institute held at Ferry Beach every year. It was much smaller this last year than Ferry Beach, but in a few years it stands a fine chance of making that older and more established institute take second place as far as attendance is concerned. The registration this last year was somewhat over thirty.

The faculty consisted of Rev. George Cross Baner, Rev. A. W. McDavitt, Rev. Helen Line, and Mr. Harold Lumsden. The classes were on Leadership, Bible Study, Missionary Education, and Union Methods.

In addition to these four regular classes we had our morning and evening devotional meetings which were managed by various members of the camp. They were by far the best part of the program and something that every one enjoyed all of the time. Then, too, we had two general discussions on topics of national and international interest. There was ample time for recreation, and real recreation we had. We played baseball, went in swimming, took walks, and spent a good portion of time in passing a basket ball around. This last mentioned sport proved a good eye-opener in the morning and between classes.

While the classes were fine and the material presented in many of them is said to be the best ever advanced in such a meeting, the spirit of the people there was by far the finest part of the camp.

The only words that come at all near describing it are "Christian co-operation."

Then hey do not tell you the half of the story.

Never once, in the entire week, did any one raise a protesting voice against anything that was suggested. That does not mean that the people present were weaklings overpowered by some stronger person, but it does mean that they were all big enough to see through each other's petty differences and do what was best for the good of the camp. Every one there from the oldest member of the faculty to the youngest member of the camp said that never before had they seen any such body of people meet together without friction of some kind.

There is another thing that must not be left out in any description of the camp this past summer. That is an account of the cook and the cooking. The cook has, for the past seventeen years, been employed by one of the big national fraternities at the University of Illinois. She put before us three meals every day that would make an ordinary convention banquet seem very commonplace. Every one there fell in love with Mrs. Jones' cooking and vowed that she should be with us next summer when we gathered together once more. We asked her about the proposition and she has consented to cook for us again next year. Please bear that in mind when you consider your vacation next summer.

The plans for the Institute next year are being made now. The Institute will be bigger and better than it was last year because the committee has been over the ground once and knows how to go about its work.

Not only will the Institute and its classes improve next summer, but the camp itself will be much better. The Joliet church is going to add to its equip-

ment and improve on what it now has. There will be a large ten-acre playground that will afford ample room for any type of sport you may care to go into.

Let me ask you not to consider this article just as an account of the Mid-West Institute and a description of the Joliet Church Camp, but please consider it as a bit of advance publicity for the Institute to be held there next year.

It is a delightful place to spend your vacation. It is out in the open with plenty of trees and shrubs, with water near by for swimming. It is near enough to town and railroads, but yet far enough from the beaten path that outsiders do not molest you. There will be just enough instruction to keep your mind active and prevent the usual vacation rust. There will be plenty of time to be spent as you wish it to be spent. There will be three full, well-balanced, delicious meals every day. Then last, but by no means least, there will be that fine spirit of Christian co-operation I have tried to describe to you.

When you consider your plans for next summer, remember the Mid-West Institute and the Joliet Church Camp. They are two fine enterprises that merit your support and you will receive something from them in return.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Dr. Clarence E. Rice writes from Cocoanut Grove, Florida, that he is steadily improving in health.

Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, conducted the Christmas service at the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, Dec. 20.

At the fiftieth anniversary of Wompatuck Encampment, I. O. O. F., of South Weymouth, Mass., recently observed, Rev. William Dawes Veazie preached the sermon, having for his subject, "Brotherhood."

Rev. A. Francis Walch of Augusta, Me., was a visitor at Headquarters on Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Mr. Charles Brewer, loyal alumnus of St. Lawrence University, reminds us that the football team at St. Lawrence this year takes its place with Dartmouth and Colgate as one of the three undefeated teams in the East. Mr. Brewer, like Owen D. Young, is strong for his college and his church.

Arthur Nash of Cincinnati filled the pulpit of the Washington church, now using the Metropolitan Theater, Dec. 20, and had the largest congregation of the season. Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., president of the American Unitarian Association, will preach Dec. 27 and, at the special request of the Washington people, Rev. Roger F. Etz will preach Jan. 3 and 10.

Rev. W. W. Rose of Rochester, N. Y., supplied the pulpit of the First Church, Providence, Dec. 13.

Mrs. Henry R. Rose, who was taken ill at the Syracuse Convention, has recovered.

Rev. F. Osten-Sacken, formerly of Osage, Iowa, has accepted a call to Kent, Ohio.

Rev. Herbert L. Price, a brother of Rev. John Edwin Price, is preaching in Bryan, Ohio.

Rev. Herman S. Brockway of the First Universalist Church, Cortland, N. Y., has secured leave of absence and is spending part of the winter at Orlando, Fla. His address is 119 Grant Ave.

Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson of Worcester, Mass., as a part of his celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate, which occurred last May, is sailing with his family on the Mediterranean Cruise of the Empress of France of the Canadian Pacific line, from New York, Feb. 9. About twenty friends are of his party, including Dr. and Mrs. W. H. McGlauflin of Scranton, Pa., and Dr. and Mrs. Theodore A. Fischer and daughter Martha of New Haven, Conn. Miss Dorothy Hall will accompany the party as far as Sicily. During Dr. Tomlinson's absence his pulpit will be in the care of Dr. Lee S. McCollester, dean of the Tufts School of Religion.

Massachusetts

Leominster.—Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, pastor. The response to the Talent Plan, tried again by the trustees, was gratifying. Three months covered the period of trial. Some made a return of ten fold, some five, and some one. The Sunday school has changed its name to church school, following a reorganization with new teachers and new lesson studies for the younger classes. The offering for Japan has been made and the offering for the Near East is being prepared for. A representative of this organization spoke in the morning service and in the school on Golden Rule Sunday. Plans for the entire winter's social activities were made early with committees for each month. The Clara Barton Guild opened its season with a successful sale with supper and entertainment; regular meetings have been held with a Mission Study Club meeting once a month under the direction of the girls who went to Northfield in the summer, sent by the Guild and the Sunday school. At Thanksgiving time they remembered a shut-in with a basket of fruit and a money gift. Their Christmas party for the members, with the story of Clara Barton, resulted in a vote to send $5 to the local Red Cross. They also planned to give Christmas baskets to many shut-ins and invalids in the parish. The Ladies' Circle, without which we would not be on the map, has been unusually active in good works, serving the parish, the community, and especially the trustees. They have just held the annual December sale and were successful beyond expectations. They have paid bills, furnished flowers for the pulpit and for the sick and shut-ins, and kept the fires of faith and interest burning. All this, you see, is just regular work. However, it has been done this fall under a handicap of illness and lack of employment in the parish which has not had a parallel in the present pastorate. The minister, herself, has various contacts outside the parish—secretary and treasurer of the local Ministers' Association (for five years), member of important committees in the Woman's Club and the local W. C. T. U., and interested in the State Board work of the Missionary Society.

Rockport.—Rev. Frank E. Barton, pastor. We have a custom of trimming our church for Christmas with memorial wreaths, furnished by various families of the parish. There are about twenty members of our Woman's Missionary Society, but they are very much alive, sending packages to Japan and North Carolina. At every monthly meeting they read a chapter from "New Days in Latin America." The session, besides a devotional period, includes music and current events. The Ladies' Forum and Auxiliary plan to hold something every month of a social and monetary value, concluding the parish year with a three days fair in February. We have recently redecorated our parish house hall (Murray Hall) and we rededicated it at our morning Sunday service, Dec. 6.

Pigeon Cove.—Rev. Clark L. Paddock, pastor. This is a federated church, made up of Congregationalists and Universalists. There is the fullest harmony and results are obtained which could not be with the two units working separately. Four new members have been added during the year. The church school after the fall opening immediately divided into two groups for a competitive trip to California, the losing side paying by presenting a pageant of scenes from the larger cities, through which the trip was taken. Mr. Paddock is a member of the Pastors' Club of Gloucester, which includes all ministers and priests on Cape Ann. He also is a member of the Ministers' Meeting of Rockport, which includes both the Protestants and Catholics of Rockport. A Christmas Pageant is to be presented on Dec. 27.

Monson.—Rev. George Wallace Penniman, D. D., pastor. The general prosperity of Monson during the past year has redounded to the good of our church. Considerable outlay has been made upon the building in the way of repairs and redecorating. The church school class of Mr. Charles L. Ricketts has a fine reputation as a baseball team, but the boys have an equally good reputation for loyalty to their church. Membership in our Social and Literary Club is sought by many from the other churches. There is a fine spirit of co-operation amongst the churches of Monson.

Marlboro.—Rev. Harold I. Merrill, pastor. Rally Day and Laymen's Sunday were two very successful events. The Rally Day offering was the largest in the history of the church. The laymen had complete charge of the service upon their day. Mr. Louis Putnam of this parish gave the sermon on the subject, "Universal Harmony." The Protestant churches all united in the Thanksgiving Day service in the Congregational church, with our pastor, Mr. Merrill, preaching the sermon. On Dec. 6 we had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. C. H. Pennoyer, head of the Department of Social Welfare. The church school, George M. Moore, superintendent, has increased one hundred per cent in attendance during the past year. In spite of the worst rain storm of the season our

Christmas sale was the most successful in years. One hundred dollars is the net financial result. The pastor in the past month has spoken in both the Baptist and Congregational churches of the city. Plans have been drawn and estimates made for a social hall in the basement of the church. This is a very pressing need for the full work of our parish and, although the hall may not materialize at once, the need must be met before a great while.

Springfield Second.—Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, pastor. In addition to his service as pastor of this active church, Mr. Colcord has been chosen as successor to Dr. George E. Dawson, professor of Psychology in Springfield College. The minister has a busy time, teaching each day, preaching on Sunday, and doing parish work in the hours between. His college work goes splendidly. He has nearly two hundred men in his classes. The church greatly misses the family of Mrs. W. H. Bell, which has moved to Florida. The congregations average over one hundred, the same high figure which the church school maintains. Laymen's Sunday was observed with Mr. Fred Marston of Athol as speaker. Mr. Colcord is serving his second year as secretary-treasurer of the Hampden Company Ministers' Association.

Grove Hall.—Rev. Flint M. Bissell, pastor. As one result of the recent fair the Ladies' Aid has voted $1,000 as a Christmas present to the trustees of the church to help meet current expenses. Rev. Edson R. Miles, former pastor, now a professor in St. Lawrence University, is to read "Romeo and Juliet" in our church on Dec. 28. On Christmas Sunday evening the young people repeated the Candlelight service which was so great a success last year. At the request of the young people, Mr. Bissell is conducting a Sunday afternoon Bible reading class. Indicative of the way in which the Grove Hall parish is scattered, the "Bulletin" is mailed to parishioners at fifteen different post offices. And yet in loyalty these parishioners practically all "come back."

Abington.—Rev. Luther Weston Attwood, pastor. Every department of this church has been more than busy all through the autumn months. Church services have been well attended in storm and sunshine. Two new families moving into town have been welcomed to church and Sunday school. The Sunday school has responded to the call for Japan and the Near East, also made gifts to the Home for Little Wanderers at Thanksgiving time. The Social Circle has held special meetings and, as a result, these busy women have nearly doubled their pledge to the church, with more to follow. Through their untiring energy and generosity six warm puffs have been sent to Bethany Union. The Young People's Club held a successful sale in early December which enabled them to add $100 to their pledge to the church. Under the auspices of the Mission Circle, vesper services have been held which fill the church with lovers of good music. At the November meeting of the Mission Circle a visit from Miss Ruth Hersey was enjoyed. She gave a fine address upon the work of Bethany Union. The vested choir of young men and women has been faithful to the services of the church. Some of these young people are developing into real musicians. Recently they gave Rip Van Winkle in Song and Living Pictures, filling the vestry with an appreciative audience and netting a goodly sum for the church treasury. By special request, this will be repeated after the holidays. Several of these young men and women are to unite with the church.

Quincy.—Rev. J. B. Reardon, pastor. The annual festival, held on Dec. 9 and 10, netted between five and six hundred dollars. The Men's Club, recently organized, has thirty members. It meets once a month. At the Union Thanksgiving service, when two Congregational, the Baptist, the Unitarian and the Universalist churches united, our pastor, Mr. Reardon, was the preacher. Five young persons have joined the church during the year.

New Hampshire

Marlboro.—Rev. Owen R. Washburn, pastor. The serving of light refreshments, usually cocoa and wafers, after the evening meetings of the Y. P. C. U., without charge and with invitations to all present to remain for a social quiet hour, has brought excellent results as to attendance and interest at the meetings. The Y. P. C. U. recently served a chicken pie supper to the public; over a hundred attended and the financial results will be used to help pay a pledge made by the Union toward the cost of repairs made on the church last summer. The young people have arranged for a collegiate social for the week following Christmas, to welcome home the young people who are away at various schools and universities. Mr. Washburn recently preached at the George Street Chapel at Keene, going there after the evening meeting in his own church. Decorations for our church for Christmas were sent by a friend in New York, who ordered a large supply of smilax from Alabama. The union services, on the last Sunday evening in each month, the three Protestant churches of the village uniting, will be continued through this winter.

New York

Gloversville.—Rev. Wm. E. Manning Todd, D. D., pastor. The work here is proving to be pretty strenuous and the items in detail call for descriptive matter too tiresome to think about. But among the some forty special affairs our church has participated in with more or less credit have been on request of the Ministerial Association, the Fathers and Sons union service, the Mothers and Daughters union service, the Community Home Chest Drive, the Union Thanksgiving service and the Council of Religious Education. The minister has attended seventeen social-civic evenings, sometimes with 400 present, and addressed fifteen of them. He had the 35th annual address before the General Richard Montgomery Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, conveying greetings to them from the United Daughters of the Confederacy who are constructing the great historic Stone Mountain Monument in Georgia—with which famous organization he has long been in fraternal concord. This unsolicited recognition and genial co-operation is likely to be increasingly useful in the work of the churches, no doubt, in due time. All this and much more has resulted since the autumn opening, besides all the other regular church activities. In some respects the advance is remarkable and the loyal friends of the church work at their tasks like beavers. The annual parish meeting was held recently and four good new men were chosen to the official board. The recutfitting and reopening of the new dining rooms and social hall will be a great thing for the work. It cost several hundred dollars, and is as airy, wholesome, convenient and well equipped as any in the state. Throngs of influential people crowd the every Saturday night cafeterias; and it will be used for many social purposes. The minister has also been requested officially to have charge of the new public school classes in band and orchestra study, and has the matter under advisement. The Sunday school is growing and there is a general feeling of encouragement.

North Carolina

Everton Circuit.—Rev. John T. Fitzgerald, pastor. The Everton Circuit is named for Rev. J. L. Everton, who died at Stockton, Ill., on Oct. 8. At a memorial service for Mr. Everton at Clinton on Nov. 29 there were fifteen persons from the Outlaw's Bridge neighborhood. Mr. R. G. Maxwell made a very beautiful and lofty memorial address in which he proclaimed his strong belief in personal immortality. Thanksgiving services were held at Outlaw's Bridge in the morning with about sixty present; at Christian Hill in the afternoon with about forty present. The other churches of the Circuit are Pink Hill and Smith's Chapel. The membership is not large at these places, but the earnestness, loyalty and determination on the part of some of our people make it certain that we shall win out. The minister now serving this circuit owes a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Everton, who led the people so well, to Mr. Bodell, who served some of the churches for about ten years and left with the people wishing

that he could stay longer, to that scholarly and thoughtful preacher, Rev. H. L. Canfield, now at Greensboro, to Rev. Dwight A. Ball and his energetic and efficient helper in the ministry, Mrs. Katharine H. Ball, and, going farther back, to those hardy pioneers who knew so well how to endure hardness as good soldiers of Christ, Fathers Clayton, Shinn and Chapman.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. T. Eric Davies, pastor. The members of the Halifax Y. P. C. U. breathed a sigh of relief on the last Sunday in November, when they realized that their responsibilities were over for a time, and that on the following Sunday the church services would once more be conducted by a minister. Our new minister, his wife and little daughter Joyce arrived in Halifax from Southampton on Dec. 3. The weather man proved generous and so our pastor and family were given a warm, sunny welcome by the weather as well as by the parishioners. The Welsh folks in the city at once called on Mr. and Mrs. Davies, and already his musical ability has been well advertised throughout the city. Although in our city only a very short time, yet we can see that a most favorable impression has been made, not only on our own church people, but on the general public. The Woman's Club and Busy Bees held a most successful Christmas sale in the school room on Wednesday, Dec. 9; in the evening the boys put on a minstrel show and the Busy Bees a scene from "The Birds' Christmas Carol." Mr. and Mrs. Davies have chosen Dartmouth as their home and their address will be Victoria Apts., 35 Pleasant St., Dartmouth, N. S.

Pennsylvania

Wellsburg.—Rev. Ernest M. Whitesmith, pastor. A special religious education program is being conducted involving the regular Sunday morning services, a series of fortnightly Friday evening lectures and some special Sunday evening sermons. The object of the Friday lectures is to bring to public attention the racial, social, industrial and religious issues of our day.

Hop Bottom.—At the last service in November there were received into church fellowship three young students in the high school. The Sunday before four sisters, two in high schools, one in State Normal, the other a former graduate, also two boys in the public school, were received. During the summer three girls in the public school were received into church membership. All twelve were members of the Sunday school. They are a promising class.

* *

DEATH OF REV. H. F. MOULTON

Rev. Herbert Frank Moulton, the minister of the Fort Plain, New York, church, was stricken with heart failure on the street Dec. 18. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon in the Fort Plain church, and Tuesday afternoon in South Portland, Maine, Rev. Harry Townsend officiating and Rev. B. B. Gibbs assisting.

* *

ORDINATION OF L. HAMILTON GARNER

The ordination service of L. Hamilton Garner and his installation as minister of the Universalist churches of Potsdam and Winthrop, N. Y., occurred on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, in the Potsdam church. The interior of the church was attractively decorated with spruce and hemlock and lent a Christmas atmosphere to an inspiring service.

Dr. John Murray Atwood of Canton presided. An impressive feature of the occasion was the remarkable spirit of cooperation and friendliness shown by the other churches of the town, several of them setting aside their mid-week meeting in order that their ministers and congregations might be in attendance at the ordination.

The invocation was given by Rev. R. K. Sheffield of the First Methodist Church. Rev. Harold Johnson of the First Baptist Church read the Scripture lesson.

The sermon was preached by Dr. Bruce W. Brotherston, professor of Religious Education and Christian Ethics in the Canton Theological School. Dr. Brotherston used as his texts "The Kingdom of Heaven is within You," and "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men."

Rev. William J. Prout of the Presbyterian Church delivered the ordaining prayer. The address to the candidate was given by Rev. Edson R. Miles, professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Care at Canton. The address to the congregation was given by Rev. H. Philbrook Morrell, professor of Sociology and Ethics. The right hand of fellowship was extended by Dr. John Murray Atwood, president of the General Convention.

The choir, organized and directed by Miss Helen Hosmer of the Crane Institute of Music, played no small part in making the evening a delightful one.

Notices

THE NEW ENGLAND GET-TOGETHER

The annual Get-Together of the Young People's Christian Union of New England will be held this winter in our church at Concord, N. H., Jan. 1, 2 and 3. Registration will begin at 11 a. m. Friday, with assignment to rooms, and the program will start at 3 p. m. The big dance will be given Friday evening, and the banquet—one of the chief attractions of the meeting—will be served Saturday evening. The plan is to close the meeting with a communion service at the conclusion of the Sunday morning period of worship.

A worth-while program of addresses and conferences has been arranged. Among the leaders who will be heard from are Ellsworth Reamon, National President; Ruth Owens, National Devotional Superintendent; Mary Slaughter, National Superintendent of Recreation; Carl Olson, National Superintendent of the Legion of the Cross. Others prominent in Young People's work are also expected. The members of the Concord Union have been thinking about and planning for this event for months, and they are looking for a large attendance. Young people who plan to be present are asked to send in reservation notices at once to the Concord pastor, Rev. Harry F. Shook, Concord N. H.

* *

UNIVERSALIST WOMAN'S ALLIANCE

The next meeting of the Universalist Women's Alliance of Greater Boston will be held with the Medford Hillside Church on Friday, Jan. 8, 1926, at 11 o'clock. Come with your friends and enjoy a good speaker and entertainment. A box lunch will be served.

Alice H. Scott, Secretary.

* *

VERMONT AND PROVINCE OF QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. William Stanley Nichols (Unitarian) has been admitted to the Universalist fellowship.

Rev. Arnold S. Yantis has been received from New Hampshire.

Rev. J. T. Cowan (Baptist) has been admitted to the Universalist fellowship under usual conditions.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Arnold S. Yantis has been transferred to the Vermont and Province of Quebec Universalist Convention.

Henry A. Parkhurst, Secretary.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Otis Fries Alvord and Rev. Nellie Alvord accepted on transfer from New York.

Leon P. Jones, Secretary.

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Jan26 Gay Charles W. endte The Unitscholor the Ministry

Crackling

Charles W. Sutro of Sutro & Co., San Francisco financial house, tells a story about President Mortimer Fleishhacker of the Anglo-California Trust Co.

It seems that Mr. Fleishhacker asked a Pullman porter the amount of his average tip. The negro replied that the average amount was one dollar. Mr. Fleishhacker handed him a dollar. The porter caressed the silver coin affectionately and said: "Yassuh, boss, but you is de fust puhson what has come up to the average."—*The Coast Banker.*

* *

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:

"Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies; and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

* *

Mrs. Bing: "Oh, I wish these receipts would be more definite."

Mr. Bing: "What's the difficulty, my dear?"

Mrs. Bing: "This one tells how to use up old potatoes, but it does not say how old the potatoes must be."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

* *

In Nyack, all activities ceased at eleven o'clock, and for two minutes all stood in silent contemplation of the meaning of the day. Three silent short blasts on the fire whistle brought notice that the time had arrived.—*Nyack (N. Y.) Evening Journal.*

* *

Judge: "I have listened very carefully to you, Mr. Brown, for an hour, but I am none the wiser."

Counsel (politely): "I hardly expected your honor to be, but I thought you might be better informed."—*The Humorist (London).*

* *

A. Hyatt Verrill, explorer, has discovered in Central America a tribe of Indians who speak "ancient English." Including, we suppose, such quaint old phrases as "twenty-three, skidoo," "rubberneck, stretch it," and "yes, we have no bananas."—*Life.*

* *

First Pedestrian (to man who has just bumped into him): "Clumsy idiot!"

Second Ditto (with ready wit): "Glad to know you. Mine's Brown."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

Joe College: "The team couldn't play any out-of-town games this season—the faculty wouldn't stand for it."

Dumb Dora: "Faculty? O, have you got one of those things here?"—*Life.*

* *

Man (in barber's chair): "Be careful not to cut my hair too short; people will take me for my wife."—*Boston Transcript.*

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